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France and Spain
NATURALLY
ENEMIES.
OR,
Several REASONS
TO

Prove it Impossible they should long
be FRIENDS.

Discovering the constant Contrariety
that has ever been, and still is, between
those two Rival Nations, in their Tem-
per, Apparel, Fashions, &c.

Written Originally in Spanish,
By Don CARLOS GARCIA.

Englified with large Additions and Improvements.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

*Nullum violentum perpetuum,
Naturam expellas furca licet, usq; recurret.* Hor.

LONDON: Printed for J. Hartley, next door
to the King's-Head Tavern, and T. Hodgson,
over against Gray's-Inn Gate in Holborn, and
R. Gibson, at the Roe-Buck between the two
Temple-Gates in Fleet-street. 1704.



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To the Right Worshipful
Sir William Hodges,

OF
London, BARONET.

Honoured Sir,

THE Crown of *Spain* being
so eagerly Disputed at pre-
sent by two young Princes
of different Interests and Pretensions,
who have engaged the greatest part
of the *European* World in their Quar-
rel, 'tis no wonder if the generality
of our People, who have as large a
Stake, and are as deeply concern'd
in the decision of this important
Controversie, as any of their Neigh-
bours, are uneasy to see which way
a Revolution of this Consequence is
like

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like to turn. Now, or never, is the Ballance of *Europe* to be settled, so that it shall not be in the power of every ambitious Prince for the future to break it. The *Spaniards* have a fair opportunity upon the Arrival of their Lawful Monarch in *Portugal*, to retrieve the right course of their Succession, the dignity of their Crown, and the Liberties bequeathed to them by their gallant Ancestors. If they are wanting to themselves and their truest Friends, good night to their ancient Privileges: Their Grandees must expect no better Preferment than *Sancho Pancho's* imaginary Island, and the People be content to lead the wearisom life of his As.

In this Critical Juncture, wherein the common Liberty of *Christend m* seemed to stand upon so ticklish a Bottom, I thought it wou'd not be time ill-spent to Translate the following Treatise, which gives a true and lively account of the vast Contrariety between

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between the *Spaniards* and *French*, in almost all their Actions and Customs, who, to the Surprize of all the World, have now laid aside their old Animosities, and, in appearance at least, live as Amicably together, as if there had never been the least Bickering between them.

I thought it reasonable to believe, that things wou'd naturally return into their ancient Channel, when the influence of the Enchantment was once broke; the Honour of which I hope, is reserv'd for King *Charles*: It having been seldom or never known in History that two Neighbouring Nations, Rivals for Empire and Dominion, born and nursed up in an Hereditary Antipathy to one another, and differing in all the exterior Circumstances of Life, were ever capable of a firm and lasting Coalition. Having finish'd my Performance, I cou'd not chuse a fitter Person to Inscribe it to than Yourself, who are so well acquainted with the Manners of both

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Kingdoms, and who have done so many Publick-Spirited things in *Spain* for the Glory and Service of Your Country, that 'tis impossible to think on one, without remembring the other.

How often had our Fleets, that were sent into the *Mediterranean* in the last Reign, been obliged to return Home Ignominiously, without answering the intentions of the Government, or the Expectations of our Allies, inforced thereto not by contrary Winds and Tempests, the common Calamities of the Sea, or any superior Force of the Enemy, but by the unaccountable Negligence of those who had the management of our Naval Stores at Home, had not You with a Diligence equal to Your Generosity, Victualled and provided them with what they wanted? These unparall'd Services so frequently and so seasonably done the Publick, cry'd aloud for a Publick Acknowledgment; and the late King was

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so sensible of Your Merit, that he express'd the Esteem he had of it in a very distinguishing manner: For it will be always remembred to Your Advantage, that the highest Honour among us, next to that of the Peerage, Travel'd as far as *Cadiz* to find you out. whereas you did not go a step out of Your way to meet that.

The Old *Romans* set that high Value upon the Life of every Inhabitant, that they bestow'd a Military Crown upon him, who had saved the Life of a Fellow-Citizen. Had our Gratitude been equal to that of *Rome*, I don't know but you might have incurr'd *Tarpeia's* Fate, and been overwhelm'd with the Garlands given You, for preserving the Lives of so many thousand Sailors. We very justly call our Ships the Floating Castles that defend our Island; but when these Castles are scurvily Man'd, and more scurvily Provided, what likelihood is there that they should annoy our Enemies, support

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our Confederates, or secure our own Coasts? You render'd them truly our Bulwarks, by putting them in a condition to act for themselves, when otherwise they must have been Destroy'd without an Enemy: And our Fleets were never so properly the Walls of *Great Britain*, as when Your timely Supplies made them so.

I had like to have omitted one Particular, which of it self wou'd have sufficiently illustrated any other Life; and that is your unexampled undertaking and performing singly by Yourself the Salvage of the *Turky* Fleet which went out with Sir *George Wheeler*, and was unhappily Cast away at *Gibraltar*. If you wou'd have your History be received by future Ages, I wou'd advise You to forbear Actions of so exalted a Magnificence, for Posterity will never believe they cou'd proceed from any thing below a Prince's Purse, or the joynt efforts of a Publick Communi-
But

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But *Spain* is not the only Theatre where You have exerted Your self for the benefit of Your Country. The remotest Islands and Kingdoms of the Universe, if any ways improvable to the Trade of *England*, escape not your Vigilance nor Enquiries. You have made our Commerce, when it was grown Prejudicial to the Merchant, both Safe and Useful. And by a Sagacity peculiar to Your self, have revived it in other Places where it was extinguish'd, and given new Life to that which is the Life of the whole Nation.

If Your concern for the common Welfare of the Kingdom is so great, much greater is Your Zeal for the *Established Church*, which you have all along chosen to shew, not by a sower Bigottry, or empty Boasting, but by a Life Primitive like Hers, and an unshaken and inflexible Conformity with Her. You follow Her Worship, not because she carries the Sword and Mace before Her, but

A. 5. because

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because she teaches the purest Doctrine; and Your unaffected Piety has made You an Ornament to that Church, which is the Honour of the Reformation.

"Twere easie for me to expatiate on Your vast Experience in all the severall branches of Traffick; on Your great skill in Foreign Languages, and Your other Qualities that have made you so justly Admired by all the World: But I will purposely withdraw my hand, both because Men of true Merit are never more uneasie than when they are told of it; and because those who know you best, I mean the *Spanish* Merchants now resident in Town, made You a better Panegyric, than I, or any of my Brother-Authors can pretend to, when they Unanimously pitch'd upon You to deliver their Compliment to His Catholick Majesty *Charles III.* then at *Windsor*.

As

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As for this small Trifle, which has presumed to visit the World, under the Patronage of Your Name, accept it, I beseech you, with Your usual Candor and Generosity; the design of it I am sure is Honest, whatever the Performance may be: It gives us hopes to believe that the *Spaniards* awaking out of their Lethargy, into which a corrupted Ministry, Headed by a crafty Priest, has thrown them, will fling off the Yoke of their ancient and implacable Enemy, with whom Nature, Education, and Interest, seems to have set them at an everlasting Difference. But I have trespassed too long upon Your Patience, who am,

Your most Humble, and

most Obedient Servant,

Tho. Brown.

The Board of Directors
of the First National Bank
of New York
has the honor to acknowledge
the receipt of your letter
of the 10th inst. in relation
to the proposed extension
of the term of the
loan of \$1,000,000
to the Government
for the purpose of
constructing the
Holland Tunnel
and to inform you
that the Board has
unanimously decided
to grant the extension
for a period of
three years.

Very respectfully,
The Board

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The Translator's

PREFACE.

BEfore I acquaint the Reader with the method I have observed in the following Translation, and the Motives upon which I undertook it: It will be highly necessary in the first place to give him a short Account of my Author's Country and Character; as also when he flourished, and with what intention he seems to have written the ensuing Treatise.

My Author then was a Spaniard, and according to the Genius of his Nation, much opiated of the superabundant Merit of his own Countrymen, and very much a Bigot for the Church of Rome. His Stile is swelling and Hyperbolical; and

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and has much of that African Tumour and Bombast, which the Moors so much admired and bequeathed to the Spaniards, when they were turned out of their Country. The occasion of his Writing this Book was the famous Marriage between Lewis the XIII. of France, and Ann of Austria, Daughter to Philip the III. of Spain, which surprizing Match, considering the long Course of Hostilities that had passed between these two Nations, he vainly imagined would bring down the Golden Age once more upon Earth, and lay so strong a Foundation for an Everlasting Peace that nothing should be able to dissolve it.

But Don Garcia was strangely mistaken in his Conjectures; for the Reciprocal Matches frequently extinguish old Animosities in private Families, yet they signifie nothing between Crowned Heads, who make all Considerations of Love, Amity, and Affinity, stoop to that Ancient and All-commanding Idol call'd Reason of State. The Event soon justified the truth of this Remark; for

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for within a few years France and Spain
fell out about the Succession of the Duke
of Nevers to the Dukedom of Mantua,
and the Affair of the Valtoline; and
after this long-winded Dispute was o-
ver, wherein the Confederates on both
sides were principally concerned, the
War broke out between the two King-
doms with a Witness, in the year 1635.
when Cardinal Richlieu's Authority
was in its Zenith, which with infinite
Slaughters, Murthers and Devastati-
ons, with the revolting of a whole Pro-
vince, and the entire Abscission of a
whole Kingdom from the Crown of
Spain, lasted till the Treaty of the Py-
renees. A Peace was then patcht up
by another Match between a Daughter
of Spain and the present French King,
in 1660, with as much Success as be-
fore, as all Europe has experimental-
ly seen. So true it is, that Marriages
have no more Influence upon Princes,
than Gratitude upon Old Crafty States-
men; of which the Duke of Savoy is a
memorable Instance, who, tho' he has
mar-

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married two Daughters to France, yet this prov'd no constraint to him from Abandoning her Interest, as soon as he thought it began to clash with his own, and that he could apply himself to a safer and better Market.

However our Author was of a more Sanguine Complexion, and plum'd himself with the contemplation, that this fortunate Match would draw on indissoluble Peace after it, and that for the future there should be no Heart-burnings nor Jealousies, nor Wars between the Subjects of the abovementioned Kingdoms. To the unhappy Animosities and Differences that for so many years had obscured these two Luminaries, as he calls them, he ascribes all the Mischiefs, brutal Customs, execrable Ceremonies, impious Laws, in short, all those filthy Errors, Infidelities, and abominable Heresies which at present overspread the Face of the Universe: But could a Firm and Durable Peace be once established between them, the Catholick Religion would be soon propagated to the remotest

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Quarters of the Earth; that libidinous
beastly Tyrant of Constantinople the
great Turk might be beaten out of Eu-
rope in one Campaign; the Holy Sepul-
chre would be no longer in the hands of
Infidels; the Emperor of Morocco with
the rest of his woollen-pated Princes
must either knock under the table, or
else their Crowns be taken from them.
The Cham of Tartary must no longer
suffer his Subjects to eat Horse-flesh,
but make them conform to the more re-
fined rules of the modern French Cook-
ery. In short, the Great Mogul, the
Emperors of China and Japan, not to
mention the Princes of an Inferior Class
in the East-Indies, must submit to the
Pope in Spirituals, and to the Mo-
narchs of France and Spain in Tempo-
rals, or else they must expect to be sent
to grass, without any more Favour or
Mercy.

With these Noble Imaginations does
our Author amuse himself, and 'tis
worth our while to observe that with the
common good manners and Charity of
most

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most of the Papal Communion, he ranges his Hereticks, that is to say, the Protestants of what Denomination or Country soever, among his Tribes of Infidels and Mahumetans, and promises them no better Quarter than his Moors and Barbarians. From whence we may conclude that if the Romanists had the Confidence openly to threaten us with this Treatment, upon a bare supposition that if France and Spain could be once perswaded to strike up a Peace, they would lay aside all other business to persecute the Protestants; what Civilities may we not expect from them, when these two powerful Sceptres are sway'd by the same hand, as in Effect now they are? This therefore demonstrates the Necessity as well as Justice of her Majesty's taking up Arms in Conjunction with her other Allies, to prevent Spain's being swallowed up by the House of Bourbon. Unless we hinder this Gallick Usurpation, not only the Civil Liberties of Europe will be invaded, or at least render'd precari-

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ous by a Haughty and Merciless Tyrant; but the Reformed Religion must be totally extirpated, and forced to submit to the blackest and grossest Superstition that ever was known.

As for the method I have followed in this Translation, I made no scruple to throw out all my Author's impertinent stuff, which had no relation to the Argument in hand, and all his far-fetch'd Speculations and idle Conjectures, which he builds upon the aforesaid Marriage. But because Don Garcia stript of so many Chapters, would not have made a tolerable Volume, I gave myself the trouble to enlarge him out of other Authors of a more modern date, both English and French, who have handled the same Subject; and now and then with some Remarks and Observations of my own. In the first Chapter particularly, which is the most diverting of the whole Book; I have made bold to insert a whole Sheet: I need not tell the Reader where my part begins, because he will easily discover it both there and in
other

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other places by the difference of the
Stile.

I must confess I am astonished as often as I consider that the Spaniards, so prodigal of their lives, and so obstinately retentive of their Liberties against the Romans; and who afterwards behaved themselves so gallantly against the Moors, that they allowed them no rest for five hundred years, but hunted them from City to City, till at last they reduced them to their Obedience, should of late, by an unaccountable Fascination grow so careless of their Honour and Liberty: The Wonder still increases, when we see the most Arrogant People under the Sun make a Compliment both of their Crown and Freedom to an Old, Barbarous, and Faithless Enemy, that has stole so many Towns and Provinces from them, and bubbled them in so many Treaties: Nay, what is more, their constant Competitor for Empire, differing from them in every respect; which of it self one would think sufficient to make them hate them everlastingly, if they
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were made of the same Materials with other People.

Our own Island affords us an Instance of this, without travelling abroad for one; for tho' 'tis a hundred years since Scotland and We have been United, and numberless Scotch Families have settled among us, purchased Noble Estates, and never think of returning Home; yet the Ancient quarrels between the two Nations, kept up by difference of Dialect, and some few foolish Customs are still apt to break out upon every trifling occasion. I believe those that now sit at the Helm, find it a difficult matter to keep these our Neighbours in a due Temper, and a much harder task, I am afraid, they'll find it to make them joyn with us in the Hanover Succession: So bewitching a thing is it with a vain-glorious People to see a King among them, tho' they don't get a Groat by him!

It may be objected indeed, that the difference in Religion between the Scots and us, does not a little contribute to keep up these Animosities, whereas the
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Spaniards and French embrace exactly the same Faith, and the latter are not at all inferior in Bigottry to the former. All this I own, and am sensible what a mighty Empire Superstition has over the Minds of Mankind, yet if we look back never so little, we shall find that Interest and self-preservation have made even Religion truckle to them: Thus in the late War, his Most Christian Majesty entred into a Strict Alliance with the Most Mahometan Grand Signior, as his Ancestor Francis the I. did with Solyman the Magnificent. The Emperor of Fez was glad to court the Assistance of our King Charles the I. and those precious Saints the Covenanters in Scotland, who abominate even the Shadow of Popery, made no difficulty in 1640. to address themselves to Lewis the XIII. for his protection.

This makes me hope that the Spaniards will look upon the English and Dutch, not as People differing from them in matters of Faith, but as their truest Friends, and best Supporters,
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that are come to deliver them from an Infamous Servitude, to adjust their Succession, and restore their rightful Monarch to his Throne. If they neglect this opportunity, it will justly be said of them that they are the only Men in the World, who having tasted the sweetness of freedom for so many Ages, basely and tamely threw it up without striking a blow for it; and who would voluntarily keep on their Fetters, when offers were made them to take them off.

And now I have nothing to do but beg the Reader's pardon for detaining him with so long a Preface; as likewise for some Errata, which unhappily escaped the Press in my absence from it. The grossest and most notorious I have collected and set down in the following Table; the rest being so trivial as not to deserve a particular notice.

ERRATA.

ERRATA.

I N the Author's absence, some Faults have escaped the Press: the grossest of which the Reader is desired to correct, as follows. p. 28. l. 13. dele only p. 37. l. 18. instead of them in such, read that; p. 52. l. 18. instead of Beau read the greatest Generals, p. 82. l. 12. instead of Majorated read Mayorasco, p. 28. l. 26. instead of Heresies read Hereticks, p. 92. l. 6. after prevail add with them to own that 'twas, p. 115. l. 13. instead of No, read [Now, p. 116. l. 3. instead of and read of, p. 120. l. 10. dele full stop after Provence, p. 123. l. 12. instead of Politics read Politicks, and so all along, p. 130. l. 16. instead of Dial read deal.

ERRATA

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O R,
Several Reasons, &c.

CHAP. I.

*What sort of a Reception our Au-
thor found in France.*

TH E Antipathy between the
French and Spaniard, is a thing
so well known, that I need not
give my self the unnecessary
trouble to go about to prove it, by any of
those many Particulars that have fallen
B within

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within the compass of my own private Observation. However, for the Reader's satisfaction in this matter, who perhaps may not be so well acquainted with these Affairs, I will recount to him a few Passages, which, as often as I reflect upon them, possess me reciprocally with Laughter and Disdain, to consider how much the very name and sight of a *Spaniard* is loathed and abominated in *France*.

Curiosity and a desire to see the Customs and Fashions of other Countries, first inspired me with a resolution to take leave of my Native Soil for a few Months, and being informed that *France* was a Country well worth the seeing, I was easily induc'd to direct my course thither, but particularly because it bordered upon *Spain*; and there was a free and peaceable Commerce at that time maintained between the two Kingdoms. My Equipage was such as my present circumstances could furnish me with; which however, were not so scanty, but that I could afford to buy me a Horse and a handsome suit of Cloaths. I was such a Sot as to believe, that so soon as I set foot in *France*, my *Spanish* habit alone, without any other Merit to second me, wou'd make all the World fall in love with my Person, and
strive

strive who should have the honour of receiving me first in their Houses: I looked upon my Ruff to be as good as a Bill of Exchange, and flatter'd my self, that whilst I wore so powerful an Amulet about my Neck, no body cou'd refuse to lend me Money upon asking. Besides, if my Ruff fail'd of commanding respect from all that saw me, yet the Devil was in't, I thought, if two yards of cold Iron that scrap'd the Ground after me, with a Basket-hilt large enough to hold a Month's Provisions, did not make me rever'd like a second *Scanderbeg*.

With these noble Imaginations and Fancies I came into *France*, being dressed in my *Spanish Habit*. All the way from *Bordeaux* to *Paris*, I met with no Adventure upon the Road that deserves a particular mention, except a few rascally Compliments I was us'd to hear at my Inn, when I came to pay the Reckoning; but coming from a pack of Scoundrels that were beneath a Cavalier's Anger, I took little or no notice of them. At last I arriv'd at *Paris* with all that Impatience and Expectation, which so populous and magnificent a City challenges from all that come to see it. As I told you before, I wore my *Spanish Habit*, for which

reason I resolved to grace it with a *Spanish* Gravity, and not omit any one Punctilio belonging to the magnificence of a true *Castilian*.

One Morning, after having employ'd a full hour in sprucing my self à l' *Espagnolo* from top to toe, I came out of my Lodgings, but scarce had I taken twenty steps in one of the Streets, when I heard a parcel of Boys and Prentices calling after me, *You Sennor with the ill-favour'd Countenance there, Don Domingo Gonsalvo Hermando Estevan de los Cavallos formidolosos, Knight of the three flying Chamberpots, how does your Nunkle Sancho Panco do? or what shall we give you to make a Close-stool Pan of your Hat?* And a thousand other Civilities of the like nature, but in so hideous and screaming a Tone, that I was forced in my own defence, to run into the first House I found open; by the same token I left the Street Door as much encumber'd by the Mobb, as a declining Noble Man's *Levee* with a herd of Morning Creditors. As my ill Stars wou'd have it, there were two or three Children playing in the Entry, who seeing me in a strange Dress, set up such a shrieking and roaring, as *Raw-head and Bloody-bones* were broke loose; upon which the People of the House

and

Span. and their Lodgers began to take the Alarm,
uncti- and a damn'd Groom running out of the
a true Coach-House, imagining, perhaps, that I
loy'd had done the Children some mischief,
spag- gave me such a confounded wipe cross
f my my skull with a Curry-comb, that he al-
most stunn'd me. In this Confusion I en-
deavour'd to excuse what had happen'd,
heard but for any good it did me, I might as
well have run my Head against a Brick-
our's Wall. Thus having complained of my
ill usage to some thirty or forty People
mido that were got into the Entry, they im-
mediatly turn'd me into the Street, and
rpot deliver'd me fairly over to my first Perse-
o ? or cutors, who still waited at the Gate for
stool my coming out, and were by this time
er Ci grown a hundred times more numerous
deous than at first. These worthy Gentlemen
eed in first cours'd me down another Street, but with
fired such hooting and crying, that the People
roker from all sides ran out of their Shops to
nbred know what was the meaning of this Hub-
Man's bub, taking me, no doubt on't, for some
itors Malefactor that was receiving the whol-
were some Discipline of a Dog-Whip in
e En the streets for nimming of Cloaks, or
Dress as stealing of Silver Spoons. I was so dumb-
brok foundered with this plaguy noise and tu-
Hous mult, that I was not master of my Sen-
and

ses, and had not the Wit to ask where I was, tho' cou'd I have done it never so well, the Rabble that accompanied me, wou'd not have given me an opportunity: So that all I had left me to do was to quicken my pace, and find out one of the City Gates, concluding it my best and only remedy to take my last farewell of it.

But my ill Destiny, as it seems, was not satisfied with what I had suffer'd, but for my greater mortification, threw me upon a Church which stood open, in the critical minute as the Priest was saying Mass, and the Congregation list'ning to him with a world of Attention. I no sooner beheld this comfortable Sanctuary, but my heart leap'd within me for Joy, and I blest my lucky Genius a thousand times, for shewing me this unexpected *Asylum* in so critical a Juncture, and delivering me out of the Paws of these wicked *Chaldeans*. Scarce had I got into the Church Porch, but a parcel of poor Cripples that stood begging there, set up such a Horse Laughter, that the People in the Church, who were very busie at their Devotions, turned their Faces from the Altar to gaze upon me, and seconded the others Mirth; which put me so horribly out of

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countenance, that for a few minutes I stood stock still in the body of the Church, and motionless like a Statue, in which posture I had continued the Lord knows how long if a civil Gentleman had not come up to me, and whisper'd me in the Ear, that something was amiss with my Cloak:

Upon this advice, I retir'd to a corner of the Church, where examining my self from head to foot, I found a Foxe's Tail; and some two yards of delicious Sheeps-gut pin'd upon the Cape, and all the rest of my Cloak embroider'd with Spittle, Dirt, and the like Decorations, which in conjunction with my *Spanish* Dress had occasion'd all this hooping and hollowing in the Street, and laughing in the Church. This latter was so excessively loud, that the Priest looked two or three times behind him to see what the matter was: And because I was conscious to my self he knew me to be the cause of all this Disorder, I fancied that every time he turned himself towards the People, and cast his eyes upon me, he tacitly reprov'd me for being the occasion of this unseasonable Disturbance. This Reflection made so deep an impression upon me, that I repented me a hundred times for coming into the Church. Once, among the rest, when the

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Priest turn'd his Face towards the People, he fix'd his Eyes stedfastly upon me; and whether it was really so, or only the effect of my Imagination, methought instead of saying *Dominus Vobiscum*, he ask'd me, *why I did not get me gone*. With this Alarm, I hurried out of the Church, but in that incredible Confusion, Rage and Disorder, that not minding what was before me, or how I placed my steps, I blunder'd full but upon a fat, pursy Fryer, who stood collecting the People's Charity in a wooden Box at the Porch, and unluckily tumbled the poor Father and his reverend Charity-trap down some half a score steps, where a parcel of Coach-men were waiting for their Masters, who espousing the Friar's Quarrel, began to revive the Fray and brandish their Whips at me; and undoubtedly had bestow'd a well-favour'd dressing on my Jacket, if partly the respect they bore to Consecrated Ground, and partly the apprehensions they were in of having their Entrails scowr'd with my trusty *Toledo*, (upon which I began to lay my hand) had not prevented them from giving me a cast of their Office. However they plied me with the Artillery of their Tongues, and pelted me down the Street with such opprobrious Language, that it would have distracted

distracted a Saint to be used so. In short, they did not leave me, till such time as crossing the Street, I took up my Quarters at the next Inn, where I continued all Night, and blest'd Providence that I had escap'd such a scowring.

Next Morning I resolved to try my Fortune in another quarter of the Town, concluding I had walk'd upon unlucky Ground all the day before. Thus with hopes of better usage, I took heart of grace, and march'd out of my Lodgings, with the same Gravity and Stateliness, as if I had been in *Madrid*; however, I look'd carefully on each side of me, to see if I could perceive any of my Yesterday's Enemies. To say the Truth, this day proved very propitious to me, for nobody followed me in the Streets, only your Shoe-makers, Coblers, Taylors, and such worthy Personages, as I pass'd by their Shops, wou'd leave their Work, and standing at their Doors, make Mouths, point with their Fingers, and Laugh at me till I was got out of their sight: But this I valued not a Farthing, since it was meer Pass-time and Recreation, to what I had suffer'd the day before.

France and Spain

With these civilities and respects I was constantly entertain'd, while I wore my *Spanish* dress, which I did for about two months, during which time, I was almost teiz'd out of my life, with the several affronts and jeers I was perpetually expos'd to ; yet could not tell how to help my self. During this melancholy Interval, I was forced to steal out by Owl-light, like Wretch that absconds for debt ; for 'twas impossible for me, to walk a hundred paces, in any part of the Town in the day-time, but a rabble of Boys and Children would flock about me, as if I had been Cozin German to *Tom Dove*. Once, I remember, I had the courage to cross a Market-place, where the sight of me was so surprizing and terrible a Spectacle, to certain venerable Waist-coateers, that sold Radishes, Turnips, Artichokes, Eggs, Furmety, Pudding, and the like, that hap'ning to brush near one of them, who was weighing a Cheese of about ten pound weight ; the old Gentlewoman was so enormously fear'd at the novelty of my dress, and the oddness of my person, that the Hieroglyphick of Justice dropt out of her hands, and both Scales and Cheese fell upon a basket of Eggs, that stood under them.

The

*The dire Catastrophe of that black Day
 What mortal without horror can relate,
 Or unconcern'd describe the Tragick Scene?
 My curdling blood straight to my heart re-
 (tir'd;
 Life's strongest Citadel; while every Nerve
 Was with a cold and shudd'ring Tremor
 (seiz'd.*

Immediately an inundation of whites and yolks stream'd out of the Basket; by the same token, more curses and execrations came out of the poor Matron's mouth, than an Exorcist uses, when he goes to bind the Devil to his good behaviour. The Eggs, as *Satan* would have it, belonged to her next neighbour, who seeing her Ware so inhumanely massacr'd upon the ground, thought 'twould be time lost to argue the case calmly and civilly with her; and so by way of Reprizal, took hold of two or three of her Cheeses, that stood upon a little Table hard by: And thus, while one of our Matrons endeavour'd to take these cheeses away from her neighbour, and the other tugg'd to keep them in her possession, they struggl'd so long, that at last, both they, Table, Cheeses, Basket, and all came higgledy piggledey to the ground,

France and Spain

ground and falling with their heels upwards, they gave the Spectators a prospect of *Mont-Gibel* in *Sicily*, with its two gaping mouths.

For my part, after my first surprize was over, I stood by looking on, and laughing with the rest of the good Folks, who never interpos'd in the fray, but let the two Combatants go on with their Show, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, biting, scratching, tearing and lugging one another upon the ground, with the skirts of their pettycoats fluttering over their ears, so that those that crowded in last could not tell what to make on't, seeing nothing but bare buttocks, and two pair of Leggs, *in puris naturalibus*, without Garters or Stockings. The battle Concluded with some little effusion of Christian Blood, but much loss of Hair on both sides, and numberless bruises and contusions: At last, having mundified their faces, that were all bedawb'd with Butter, Eggs, Dirt, and Blood, they happen'd to see *Pill garlick* there; and remembring that I was the first occasion of this tragical Adventure, they fell upon me like a brace of *Furies*, and taking up the broken Eggs, that lay bleeding their precious liquor upon the ground, made towards

wards me with their hair about their ears, and plied me incessantly with these hand-Granadoes, (a plague confound them for their pains) till I had hardly one individual dry thred about me: The rest of the Market-women, scorning to be idle, while these two Heroines carried on the Assault so furiously, joyn'd in the Attack, and in an instant saluted me with such a shower of Turnips, Cabbages, rotten Apples, Onions, and scraps of stale Green-fish, that I would have defied the Devil to know me in this pickle. In fine, they utterly ruin'd my poor Cloak and Hat, so that I never wore them after that unlucky day; but finding a whole army of Women upon me, I thought it would be to no purpose to dispute the field any longer with them: for which reason I very fairly betook my self to my heels; forgetting that gravity and State, which I observ'd so religiously at other times.

As good Fortune would have it, I met with a civil Gentleman in this my tribulation, who undoubtedly had been in *Spain*; and he, taking compassion on my hard usage, conducted me to a Friend's house, at the end of this unfortunate Street, and order'd his Servants to clean my Cloak and my Cloaths for me: When
this

this troublesome work was over, I ventur-
 red again into the Street, distracted between
 fear and anger; and dreading that these
 Female Savages would force me to com-
 mit some infamous action, as I must own
 I had been guilty of, had I drawn my
 Sword against a Rabble of women, who
 attack'd me with no other Weapons, but
 Cabbages, and Onions, and the Offal of
 their Stalls. I had scarce walked a hun-
 dred yards, but I spied a crowd of People
 at a distance, who very silently stood heark-
 ning to a formal and edifying discourse,
 which a blind Man held with a Dog that
 was tied to his leathern Girdle by a chain.
 The Dog listened to his Master all the
 while, with as much seeming attention
 and gravity, as a Country Gentleman does
 to the Parson of the Parish, when a lit-
 tle *Greek* or *Latin* flashes from the Pulpit;
 so that a Stander-by would have sworn
 he understood every syllable that was said
 to him, and was ruminating upon it. Af-
 ter this Harangue was over, the Old Gen-
 tleman began to turn about a wooden Ma-
 chine he carried behind him, which the
 Vulgar call a Cymbal, and made the sub-
 missive Quadruped dance a Jigg, while he
 was roasting a tune to him upon the above-
 mention'd Instrument. The Jigg being

con-

concluded, he began to ask him several questions, and among the rest, *Tray*, says
 " he, thou knowest what care I have taken, ever since thy Infancy, to season thee with honest Monarchical Principles. Thou canst not but be sensible, what an expence I have been at, to give thee a Loyal and Virtuous Education, that thou mightest not come short of the Merits and great Qualifications of thy most noble Progenitors, or dishonour that Ancient Family, from which thou art descended. I need not refresh thy memory, Friend *Tray*, with what application and diligence, I sought out the most experienc'd and eminent Masters to instruct thy tender years, in all laudable exercises and feats of Activity. Come then, let me see what thou wilt do for the King of *France*, thy true lawful, and undoubted Sovereign. Let me see, I say, what thou wilt do for his most Christian Majesty, who is the *primogenitus Filius Ecclesie*, the Eldest Son of the Church, and whose Ancestors, Dear *Tray*, drove the *Lombards* out of *Italy*, and rescued *St. Peter's* Patrimony out of the hands of those *Invaders*. He had no sooner ended this notable Speech, but the Dog began to dance, and frisk, and wheel about

about, and play so many frolicksome tricks, that if he had been a Man, as 'twas his misfortune to be a Beast, any one that beheld him, giving himself these merry *Airs*, would have taken him either for mad or drunk. After a little pause, the blind man interrogated the Dog the second time, " *Well Old Boy*, cry's he, " thou hast performed thy part most commendably, and " to the infinite consolation of my old age, " I find that thou hast fully answer'd the " intention of thy Academical Education. " But, *Tray*, because some malicious enemies of thine, (for conspicuous merit, " whether in Dog or Man, never fails of " attracting Envy after it) may be apt to " object, that thou art an implicit worshipper of Titles, and equally affected to " all Crown'd Heads, of what Religion " or Country soever; therefore, dear " *Tray*, of *Tray-Hall*, to disarm the Censorious World of making any such Objection against thy Morals; let me conjure thee, by the memory of thy Illustrious Grandfather, to give this Honorable Assembly some farther satisfaction, " as to thy inviolable Allegiance and Fidelity to the true Interest of thy Native " Country; and particularly, let us see " what thou wilt doe for the King of
Spain

ricks, as his that merry mad blind time, per- and age, the tion. ene- erit, ls of t to vor- d to gion lear Cen- Ob- on- ust- ou- on, Fi- ive see of ain

"*Spain* our Mortal Enemy. Good Heavens! to see how the Scene was chang'd on the sudden; the Dog cock'd up his tail, he brandish'd his ears, the very hair on his back stood as stiff as a Porcupine's quills, his eyes roll'd in his head, he grinn'd, he shew'd his teeth, and open'd his mouth so wide, that one would have thought he had got a Legion of Devils in his Belly. In short, the sight put me into so great a passion, that I could not have stay'd a minute longer for a million. The Lord have mercy on me, says I to my self, that the blind Men in *France* should get meat, drink, and cloaths to their backs, only by making a few foolish jests upon the *Spanish* Nation. Upon this I fully resolv'd to put my self into the *French* Garb, and conform to the Modes of the Country, being satisfied that I should avoid a thousand inconveniences by doing so.

So I left this noble Company, believing that my strange habit gather'd more people together than the blind Man, and his Dog; and making the best of my way to my Lodgings, at the end of a narrow and unfrequented street, I popt upon a Woman sitting at her door, who employ'd all her Rhetorick to wheedle her Child to eat his pap; but the refractory young

Son

Son of a Whore refus'd it : The poor Mother, concern'd at her Childs obstinacy, finding that fair means, could not make him eat his spoon-meat, resolv'd to make use of the present opportunity ; and so, just as I brush'd by her, *Look*, says she, *here's the Spaniard, that comes to carry away little boys that won't eat their pap.* The poor Creature was so frightened when it saw me, that, with a panting heart, it made a motion with its little hands, for its Mother to give it all the pap at once. This merry Adventure made me laugh so heartily, that for two hours after, I could think of nothing else.

But of all the scurvy tricks that were play'd me, during my Stay in *Paris*, nothing vexed me so much, or went so deep to heart, as one that was play'd me, under the fairest pretensions of Love and Friendship. One after-noon, as 'twas my fortune, to be hunted down a Street, in the *Fauxbourg de St. German*, by a parcel of Lacqueys, and other disorderly Scoundrels, whooping and hollowing after me: A plump matron-like sort of a Woman, sitting at her door, very courteously invited me to step into her house for a moment ; then turning her self to the People, "What's the matter, crys she, that you can't

“ can’t let a civil Gentleman walk the
 “ streets, but there must be all this hubbub
 “ and outrage? Is this the way, think ye,
 “ to invite Strangers to come and spend
 “ their mony among us; or what a fine
 “ Character will they give of our civility,
 “ and good manners; when without any
 “ provocation, we treat them so unworthi-
 “ ly? Come, the very *Samoeds* and *Lap-*
 “ *landers*, I tell you, would blush to be
 “ guilty of so much barbarity; and yet,
 “ you are *Parisians*, with a murrain to
 “ you, who ought to know better things:
 “ Well Gentlemen, disperse, and go a-
 “ bout your business, or I shall send for some
 “ that shall make you. With that, taking
 me by the hand, She led me into a Parlour
 very handsomely furnished; desired me to
 seat my self; and then addressed her self to
 me in the following manner. “ I am
 “ ashamed, most noble Cavalier, says she,
 “ that a Person of your condition and qua-
 “ lity, whose Majestick Mien is enough to
 “ command respect from all that behold
 “ you, should find soundeserved a recep-
 “ tion among us. But Alas! what shall
 “ I say; ’tis impossible to make a Velvet
 “ Purse of a Sow’s Ear: the Mobb’s the
 “ Mobb all the World over; and I hope
 “ you have more charity, than to impute
 the

" the disorderly carriage of a few unman-
 " nerly Brutes to a whole City's charge.
 " 'Tis pity indeed, the Magistrates don't
 " take care to keep them in better order ;
 " I should be glad to see a score of them
 " truss'd up at the Gallows, to serve as an
 " Example to the rest. Therefore I hope
 " your Eminence will not censure the bet-
 " ter sort among us, for the sake of these in-
 " solent Vermine ; for we have People here
 " in *Paris*, (and I may, without arrogance,
 " cite my self for an Instance) who know
 " how to pay that respect to Illustrious
 " Forreigners, which is due to their high
 " Birth and Merits. She had no sooner en-
 " ded this magnificent Introduction, but in-
 " came her Husband with two of his pretty
 " Daughters, who beseeching me to keep
 " my chair ; and bowing almost to the
 " ground : " *Sennor*, cries he, you are
 " welcome to *Paris* ; I rejoyce with all my
 " Spirit to see you under my roof, which
 " was never so honour'd before. I have
 " long waited for an opportunity to shew
 " my gratitude to any Gentlemen of your
 " Nation ; and I assure you, upon my Soul,
 " that if his Majesty had given me, with
 " his own Royal Hand, a thousand Crowns
 " in my pocket this morning, it would not
 " have pleased me half so much, as I am

to.

“to have the happiness of entertaining
“you within my walls. Some three years
“ago, Sir, I waited upon my Lord Am-
“bassadour to *Madrid*; where I receiv’d
“so many civilities from all sorts of Peo-
“ple; and that without the least merit
“on my side; that I can never pretend to
“requite such obligations.

You may imagine how strangely I was surpriz’d, to find this unusual strain of civility from a Man I never saw before, so instead of returning any answer to his compliment, I was considering with my self, how lucky it was for me, to drop into such a house, where the Master was not only a Man of singular humanity, but had been in my own Country, and express’d a particular regard for all of our Nation. While I was taken up with these thoughts, the Woman of the House, imagining, perhaps, by my silence, that something was amiss with me. Sir, cries She, I am afraid you have got some harm by over-walking your self; will you be pleas’d to take part of a dish of Meat, and a Bottle of *Burgundy*? Will you be pleas’d to take part! replies the Husband very angrily; ask the Dead such an impertinent question; but always set down your victuals before the Living without asking. With that he rung the Bell;

Bell; and whispering a Servant in the ear, immediately the Table-Cloth was layd, and in came a handsom dish of Soop. Mine Host placed me next his Wife, assuring me his own Brother could not be more welcome than my self; and that he would distinguish this day, in his Almanack, by some particular mark, on which he was so happy, as to be honour'd with the company of a *Spanish Cavalier*. The Soop was soon taken away, to make room for a brace of stew'd Carps in one dish, and a larded Fowl, with a brace of Partridges in another: For my part, I was astonish'd to see so noble an entertainment; when, to increase my wonder, my Landlord, order'd one of the Waiters to bring in half a Dozen Flasks of his choicest *Burgundy*. "As I told you before, Sir, says he, I have been at *Madrid*, where I was courteously treated by all, from the highest down to the lowest; and tho' it may look like a piece of vanity to tell you I was known to most of the Quality in *Spain*, yet it is nothing but matter of Fact; I can assure you. There was that Mirrour of true Nobility, the Duke de *Medina Sidonia*; and who so familiar as his Grace and my self? Then the Prince d' *Astigliano*, who was pleased

to

“to let me into the Secrets of his Amours .
 “The Constable of *Castile* and I were hand
 “and glove ; and so were the Dukes *de*
 “*Pastrana & Terra nova*: I have had a
 “thousand private conversations with that
 “Prodigy of a States-man, the *Conde de*
 “*Peneranda*, with *Don Luis de Haro*,
 “the Count *de Fuenfalida*, the Marquisses
 “*de los Arcos & de Mondejar* ; but above
 “all, with that compleat pattern of all
 “vertue and generosity, whom I shall ne-
 “ver forget, the Illustrious *Don Pe-*
 “*dro d’ Arragon and Cortez*. He would
 have gone through the whole *Spanish* No-
 bility I believe, had not the Waiter inter-
 rupted him with a full bumper of *Burgun-*
dy, upon which he dropt his discourse ;
 and addressing himself in a very obliging
 manner to me, *Sir*, says he, *here is prospe-*
tity to all the worthy Gentlemen in Madrid.
 Down went the Glasse, as large as it was,
 at one gulp, when seeming to be in a
 great disorder, as if he had committed
 some hainous crime, *Sennor*, says he, I
 humbly beg your pardon, for setting the
 Cart before the Horse ; however to atone
 for my mistake, which I hope you have
 goodness enough to forgive, *Here’s a*
Health to his Catholick Majesty ; and con-
found all those that would throw a bone of di-
vision

vision between the two Kingdoms. Having
 so said, he troll'd down t'other bumper
 with as much alacrity as the first. I pre-
 sented my Service to the Lady, who, I
 perceive, had as laudable a swallow as
 her Husband. Well, but *Sennor*, says
 mine Host, all this while you don't eat;
 pray let me recommend this Partridge
 to you, believe me there is not a plumper
 in all *Paris*, 'tis the finest of the whole co-
 vy which was sent as a Present this
 morning to the Duke of *Orleans*, and I
 had Interest enough with his *Major Do-*
mo, to single out this brace for my own
 eating. But Lord! how am I overjoy'd
 to look upon you? You put me in mind
 of all the merry moments I have formerly
 had at the *Prado*, the *buen Retiro*, the
Escorial, and *Aranjuez*: Nay, I may
 set up for a sort of a Traveller, let me
 tell you. I have seen the famous old Ca-
 thedral at *Toledo*, which is built *à la Mo-*
risco; the *Contratation* House at *Sevil*
 and—— But alas! all this while we
 forget to drink, Come, *Sir*, here's a Health
 to her *Catholick Majesty*. I endeavour'd
 to be excus'd so large a Bumper; but my
 Noble Host would not suffer it; so I was
 forced to submit; when, pursuing his dis-
 course, well, but of all the fine Sights I

saw

saw in *Spain*, nothing pleased me so much as the * *Alhambra* at *Granada*. Good Heavens! what delicious places are these *Alhambra's*? and what ingenious Fellows, the *Moors* that built them? before *George*, I could be content to live and dye in an *Alhambra*. Then the fine * *Vivarambla* there; 'tis surprizing beyond expression. Well, let People say what they will, I think a Town, without a *Vivarambla*, looks as foolish as a Church without a Steeple. But, *Sennor*, crys he, I beg your pardon, for talking of things you know so much better than I; Come let us now remember our Friends: with that he begun a Health to this Prince, and tother Duke; then the Marquisses and Condes came regularly on in order as if he had had a Herald by his side to direct him; all which, he obliged me to pledge, as high as he drank them himself; and as for his Wife, poor Soul! she took off her Glasses without so much as one wry Face. By this time we had made an end of our Fowl and Partridges; for tho' his tongue went incessantly, yet that was no hindrance to his Grinders, and the Servants brought in a pretty Dessert of Fruit and Sweet-meats. Why this is at it should be, says mine Host; let us fall to, and enjoy our selves;

C

once

* The former signifies a Palace of the Moorish King. The latter a Market-Place.

France and Spain

once more, Worthy *Sir*, you are as welcome as my Brother; whenever you come this way, pray command my house as you would your own; my Wife, my Daughters, my Family, in short, every thing is at your Service; then turning to the Waiters, and looking you, Gentlemen Logger-heads, whenever his Excellency comes here, and I am not at home, if you don't pay him the same respect as you would to me your Master, take my word for it, I shall refresh your memories with my Oaken Cudgel.

To say the truth, I was so surprized at the generosity and frankness of my Entertainment, that I had not a word to reply; but my Landlord kindly saved me this trouble, and went on in his old career. Alas! cries he, what have we in *Paris* as much as we boast of our City, to compare to the famous *Plaza Mayor* in *Madrid*; and how contemptible are our publick Shows to what you have in *Spain*. Our young Gentlemen, like a pack of degenerated Puppies as they are, spend all their time at Tennis, or a Billiard Table and now and then show their finery at a Ball, to please some pale-fac'd Harlot or a Mistress; but what is this to the noble, the heroick Diversion of a Bull-feast. Which, for my part, I would rather choo-

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to see, than any of the *Roman* Triumphs, as I should prefer one gallant * *Torreador* * *A Bail-figbur.* to all the Mareschals of *France*. He spoke these last words with that concern, that not remembring what he did, he bruis'd his knuckles against the edge of the Table; then ordering all to be clear'd, began his most Christian Majesty's health in a brimmer to me, and once more assured me of the heartiness of my welcome. But now, says he, to conclude our repast, we will see what these young Baggages can do to divert you. The words were no sooner out of his mouth, but the Eldest play'd a Jigg upon a Harpsicord that stood in the room, and the Youngest danced to it, and when that was done, the Youngest took the Harpsicord, and the Eldest fell a dancing. Both of them performed their parts to admiration; and indeed I had never seen the like before. But as I was complementing my generous Host, upon his happiness, to have two such hopeful Daughters, a Servant came in, and told him a Gentleman from the Duke de *Longueville* desired to speak with him; so beckoning to the two young Moppets to quit the room, *Senior*, says he, you must excuse me for a moment, Business, you know, is not to be neglected, but I leave my House at your disposal,

sal, and my Wife to bear you company.

When he was gone, I began with myself, to sum up all the Blessings of this auspicious day, as a noble dinner, my Guts full of Wine, with Musick, and Dancing, and all this for nothing; but what was infinitely beyond all this, a sure trusty Friend, to have Recourse to upon occasion: I reflected how unjust I had been to the *French* Nation, in making an Estimate of them, from a few sawcy, ungovernable Rascals in the Streets, who treat Strangers rudely, not only out of Malice, but because they know no better; since I had fallen into a house, where I was treated rather like a Friend of many years standing, than an unknown Foreigner; not only above my merit, which was none, but even my expectation. Come, come, *Sennor*, says my jolly Hostess, you must not be melancholy in a Womans Company; my Husband's gone, and God bless him: I'll say this for my Lord and Master behind his back, and a fig for him, there's not a fairer, nor honester Man in all *Paris* than he: But alas! he has his faults, as well as other Men, and particularly, he's so insupportable a Talker, both drunk and sober, that there's no enduring him. Would you believe me, *Sir*, he has talked twenty Ser-

vants

vants deaf, since we have lived at this house, and let me see, ——— come the 29th. of September next, we have been here but some half a score years: Nay, what is more, once at a Christning, 'twas but six weeks agoe, he out-talked the Curate of the Parish, who is a *Norman*, the Midwife and the two Nurses, and they were *Normans* too, together with some eighteen Women more of our Parish, that were invited to the Gossiping, and were never thought niggards of their Tongues, I can promise you. But Marriages, they say, are made above; my destiny threw me upon him, and so let it pass. When I was about fifteen years old (I profess, *Sir*, this discourse has called the blushes into my Cheeks) you must know, I was Sir-named all over the Town, *la Belle insensible*; for tho' I had a numberless Train of Suiters at my heels, yet I was as wild as a Heifer, and could not be perswaded to show one any more favour than another. In the first place, a young Lawyer made me the tender of his heart; but I never was born to doe good to my self: had I married him, I had now seen my Train carried up by a Page; but Fate ordered it otherwise, and I am content: Well! he was the sweetest, prettiest Companion in

nature; and for puzzling a Cause, or disguising Truth at the Bar, had not his fellow in *Paris*: Then he was so spruce and neat in his Cloaths, his Bob-Periwig, Band and Gown, all in such exact order, his Gloves so nicely perfumed, that I have wondred a thousand times how I could have the heart to deny him; but what shall I say? all these things goe by the direction of Superior Powers. My next Admirer was a Bookseller, who used to bring one of his Authors, a thread-bare sawcy fellow along with him, to be his Spokes-man. If ever I had any good luck in my life, 'twas in missing this Customer; for tho' he talked big, and made a mighty noise about his Copies, which he pretended were worth two or three thousand pounds, yet I had the Grace to give him a positive refusal; and I had been ruined, had I done otherwise; for his Authors made a shift to print him out of house and home, before the twelve-month was spent; and the poor wretch carried a Musket in the Army. After him, who should make me the object of his Devotion, but one of the most topping Milliners in the City? How I came to 'scape him, I have forgot, 'tis so long agoe; but certainly he had Charms enough, to please the most difficult of our

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Sex. Whenever he carried me or my Sister into the Country, Good Heavens! what Pastime and Sport he'd show us! A Foot-Ball filled with Quick-silver could not have half the motion: He would leap you over every Stile and Gate he met, with as much Activity, as if he had been compounded of the Quintessence of a Club of Rope-dancers. In short, he had gain'd a wonderful Ascendant over me; but my Aunt *Theodora* (Oh! now I remember the reason why the Match broke off) my Aunt *Theodora*, you must know, Sir, understood Physiognomy; I suppose, I need not explain the meaning of that Word to you, and she who could see as far into a mil-stone as any of her own Sex, or t^o other too, and there's a proud word for you, She, I say, concluded from some Prognostick in or about his face, that things were not so well with him, as they seem'd to promise, and said to me, *Dolly*, he's not the Man you take him for; and so forbid the Banes. Next to my merry Milliner; for I love to proceed methodically; I was attack'd à la *Militaire*, by a Captain of the Guards, and a hard matter, I found it, to guard my heart against so powerful and obstinate an Invader. Fame made him pass for a second *Hercules* in the field, and yet I

swear he was as meek as a Lamb in the Ladies *Ruels*. How often, Noble *Sennor*, have I heard Sighs come from him, that were strong enough to have turn'd a Wind-mill about? He would kiss the very ground I walked upon; alwas pledge me on that side of the Glas I drank of; and, what was wonderful in a Soldier, he condescended to turn Versifier for my sake, and sent me, I believe, a Cart-load of Anagrams and Acrostics upon my Name, all of his own composing. Had I married him, I had been made for ever; but my constant ill Destiny made me deaf to all his Sollicitations; for next Campaign he had his *Quietus* given him by a Canon-Ball in *Flanders*, and I should have been sole Mistress of all that he left behind him, which was very considerable. But what need I multiply words, which is but folly, I was predestinated to marry my present Husband, and so much for that point. 'Tis true, we agree well enough in the main; but, as I told you before, he talks too much, which is more vexatious to me perhaps, than it would be to any one else; because of all things in the Universe, I abominate nothing so much, as I do a Person, that talks more than comes to his share; but we ought to sit down

down content with what Destiny has decreed for us. To say the truth, I can't tax him with being a Sluggard, for we have had nineteen Children, eight of whom are still alive, and all provided for, but the two young Girls you saw this afternoon. Now, *Sir*, with your favour, I shall make bold, first, to give you a short Account of my Children, and their Characters; for I love to observe Regularity in my Discourse; and then I will proceed to my Grandchildren. My Eldest Son *Daniel* is an Attorney in the Suburbs; his Neighbours, that envy his Business, say, he's as compleat a Villain, as ever stuck Pen in his Ear; I will not answer for his Conscience, because of his Profession, but he gets Money apace, lives in a great House, keeps his Wife as fine as a Dutches; and tho' it be at the Expence of the Poor and Necessitous, what is that to a Lawyer, who is more afraid of Poverty than Damnation? Then there is my Daughter *Lovisa* keeps a Semstresses Shop in the **Palais*: Well! for a Wheedling Subtil Baggage, I dare play her again any thing in *France*: She has had all the Beaus and young Sparks in Town fluttering and buzzing this Summer about her; but the Slut knows how to

A Place in Paris like our Westminster-Hall.

manage them ; and if ever she suffers a Man to enter her Tables without binding him first, I disown her for my Child. After her comes my Son *Tony*, Curate of a small Parish in the ——— She was going on with his Character, and no doubt on't, had been as good as her word in despatching the rest, when the Maid came into the Room; and told her one from Madam *Phelippeau* had earnest Business with her. I know what it is, says she, then turning to me, *Sir*, I hope you'll excuse me for a quarter of an Hour or so ; and dropping a Curtsey, left me to my self. When she was gone, I could not but smile at her Fancy, for quarrelling with her Husband, for talking too much, when it was her own Distemper ; but thought I to my self, they have given me my Guts full of good Cheer and Wine, and sure my Ears may afford to bear a little Persecution. I took several turns about the Room, sometimes entertaining my self with the Pictures, sometimes relieving the lazy Minutes with the next merry conceits that came into my Head, till at last a full Hour was expir'd. Being uneasy to stay longer without Company , I knockt for a Servant to come to me, and asked him where his

Mast-

Master was, *Sir*, says he, he's gone to the Duke de *Longueville's*, and we don't expect him till four in the Morning. Why then, Honest Friend, crys I, desire your Mistress to come to me, *Sir*, answers he, She is called to a Ladies Labour, and won't come Home before Twelve: Troth, this is very unlucky, cry's I, that I must be forced to go without taking my Leave of two such Worthy Benefactors; but I see there's no help for it; so I'll call here to Morrow, you may tell them, and then return them my Thanks for all their Civilities. I was taking up my Hat and Gloves, in order to depart, when, to my infinite Surprize, but, *Sir*, cries the Servant; I hope you will pay your Reckoning before you go: My Reckoning, replies I, like one Thunder struck, why surely thou art Mad, why here's nothing to pay: Yes, *Sir*, says he, there's a small Account must be ended, before you and I part, 'tis but a Trifle to a Cavalier of your Estate; but clear'd it must be, that is certain. Why, where am I, cries I, in a great Rage? Where are you? Only at one of the best Ordinary's in *Paris*, answers he, at the Sign of the Dog and Partridge over against the *Carmelites* back Gate. Prithee, banter me no longer, says

says I, thy Master is so Noble a Gentleman, that he would infallibly break thy Bones, if he should know how thou disgracest his House: I'll venture that, cries he; but here's your Bill, and I expect my Money. I now perceiv'd that I was caught in a Trap, and finding no Redress but Patience, took up the ill boding Paper, to examine it. *Imprimis, for the Soup, Seven Shillings and Six pence*: A very reasonable beginning, thought I to myself, the rest is undoubtedly of a Piece: *Item, for a brace of Stew'd Carp Twelve Shillings*: Why, nothing can be fairer: *Item, for a Fowl and a brace of Partridges larded Ten Shillings*: Better and better still, I profess: *Item, for Wine fifteen Shillings*: Why, what can be cheaper: *Item, for Fruit and Sweet-meats six Shillings*: it mends upon us I perceive: *Item, for Musick Ten Shillings*. Prithee, honest Waiter, says I, how came this Article in among the rest, for I know of no Musick we had: No! cries he, why surely you have not already forgot my two young Mistresses that play'd and danced to you after Dinner? That's very right, cry's I, shrugging my Shoulders, and 'tis but fit they should be considered: *Item, for Dressing, use of Linnen, Bread, Salt,*
 &c

&c. five Shillings: Summ Total three pounds five Shillings and six pence. And must this Conscientious Bill, says I to him, be all pay'd by my self, and no deductions allowed. My Master, cry's he, will not stand upon the odd six-pence; I suppose, because you are a Stranger; but the remaining three pounds, five shillings, were you his Brother, must be pay'd down upon the nail, before you stir out of the Room, either by fair or by foul means; but I hope a Gentleman of your Appearance and Figure will not carry things to Extremities: There are three German Princes in the Room above, that pay'd six *Lewis d'ores*, but a quarter of an hour ago, for their Dinner, tho' they had nothing of them in such Plenty and Perfection as you had; but my Master was resolved to shew a particular Respect to you, for your Country's sake. And he has done it with a Witness, cry'd I, and by the same Token, I am his most humble Servant: he told me he would mark this Day with a particular Sign in his Almanack, tell him from me, he may save himself this trouble, for I will take care to set it down in mine; and if ever he catches me within his Doors again, I'll give him leave to lard me, as he does his
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Partridges, and call me Buzzard. Thus unwilling to make a Squabble to no purpose, I gave the Fellow his Reckoning but was so intolerably vexed, to have such a confounded Cheat put upon me, that I will not pretend to describe it, but leave it to the Reader's Imagination.

By that time I had walked the length of a Street or two, my Passion began to be a little abated; and I could not but laugh at my self to consider, that two such prating Animals, as my Landlord and his Wife, had over-reached a Person of my Circumspection; however, to put such uneasy Thoughts out of my Head, I resolv'd to take the Diversion of the Theatre that Evening; not doubting but that, I should find civil Usage in a Place, where for the most part, none but Persons of Quality and good Breeding resort. The Play was just begun, before I got there but no sooner did I make my Appearance in the Pit, but, as if I had been an Ambassador from some *Tartarian* or *Indian* Prince, the Audience from the Side-Boxes and Gallery's, and all Parts of the House, fell a gaping and staring at me and minded nothing else, so that the Players, for a time, were forced to desist, till the General Admiration had

spent

spent it self. At the Conclusion of the third Act, whether 'twas so design'd before, or whether 'twas done on purpose to ridicule me, I cannot tell; but they had got a Chorus of *Spaniards*, drest exactly in the same Habit as I was, who made a thousand Mimical Grimaces and Postures, and then fell into a Dance, to the infinite Satisfaction of the Company, and without any great Uneasiness on my Side, who had Philosophy enough, not to be concern'd at such a Sight, but sat out the whole Play, and then peaceably retir'd to my Lodgings. Next Morning, one of the Players had the Impudence to Visit me in my Chamber; and after a world of Cringes and Scrapes, told me, he had a small Request to make me from the rest of his Brethren, and that is, *Sir*, cry's he, that you would be so kind, as to give us leave, to set down your Name and Titles in to Day's Bills, and accept of a Place in the King's Box; for then, *Sir*, say's he, we shall be as full as ever we can hold, and our House will not be backward to testify their Acknowledgments to you: Why, you everlasting Rascal, answer'd I, do you think I have no other Business than to draw Fools together, and pick up an Audience for your cursed Plays,

Plays, or that I am to be shewn like a Calf with six Leggs, or some outlandish Monster, with the formality of a Drum and a Fiddle? Upon this, my Gentleman immediately left me; and 'twas well he did, for I was going to give him a lasting Mark of my Respect to his Profession.

But if I should give my self the trouble, to reckon up all the Broils and Quarrels I had with the Inn-keepers there, together with all the Roguish Cheats and Villanies they put upon me, I should never come to a Conclusion. I seldom put my Head into an Inn, but I was engaged in some Contest, with that exacting Cut-throat, the Master of the House, or that impudent Coquet his Wife, or that sawcy pert Baggage his Daughter, or that everlasting Villain his Ostler, and, perhaps, with all four together; and tho' I was never so grossly cheated and impos'd upon, yet I was forced to ask Pardon of every Soul in the House, before I mounted. When I came to change a Crown, they would only allow me four Shillings for it: But if I had occasion to Change a Piece for Silver, why then a Crown was honestly and fairly worth six Shillings, and so his
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Majesty, God bless Him, took it in all his Payments. If I was so sawcy, as to make any Exceptions to this, the whole Family took the Alarm, and opening all at once, would tell me, that I was some sorry, insignificant Whifler, to be sure, to make all that Hubbub and Noise in a Civil Family for nothing; that such and such Dukes, Marquisses, and Knights, had layn at their House, and never made the least Dispute about the Reckoning, and why should I, who was a Foreigner, and knew nothing of the Country, pretend to call their Honesty in Question; that it was a great Providence, I had fallen into such Merciful Hands; for had I made a quarter of the words at any other Place, as I had done there, the People would have taught me another Lesson, and given me a well favour'd Drubbing into the Bargain. I would have you to know, Young Gentleman, says the Landlord, that I am above such mean pittiful Tricks as Topping upon my Guests: I have a Brace of Thousand Pounds in my Pocket, keep a Pad-Nag for my Wife, and a Hunter for my self, Hawk and divert my self with the best Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood; go to Church duly every Sunday, pay my Taxes,

Taxes, and I defie Old *Belzebub* to say that black's my Eye. After so powerful an Harangue, first by the whole Family in General, and then by the worthy Head of it, what could I otherwise do, but call in for my two Bottles of *Frontignac*, to make a perfect Reconciliation? Why this is something like, cry's that dissembling Cockatrice the Woman of the House, for really, dear *Sir*, we sit at a greater Expence than you could imagine; the Landlord will have his Rent; the King will be pay'd his Taxes; the Priest will have his Dues; the Children will be fed; and the Servants will demand their Wages. Besides, what with the Black Guard of the Church, and the Red Guard of the State; we have abundance of Eleemosynary Vermin that haunt our House, who Eat and Guzzle of the best, and never pay a Farthing, only the Friar gives us a Benediction, and the Soldier a hearty curse at parting. So that if we did not make it up another way, I mean conscientiously and fairly in the way of Trade, for the Lord forbid we should injure a Worm, we might e'en lock up our Doors, and cry good night Landlord. Ay, ay, Mother, says the Daughter, if we did not

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get in the County, what we lose in the Hundred, and lick our selves whole elsewhere, my Father, for all he looks so big there, must go to Old Nick, and you and I, Mother, foot Stockings, or trot it to an Hospital. Thus was I daily abus'd and cheated, at my first coming into *France*, till farther Experience and practice of the Country instructed me what Methods I must take, to avoid these Impositions.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Of the Contrariety and Antipathy between the Spaniards and French, both in relation to Soul and Body.

I Have had it a thousand times in my thoughts to enquire of one Midwife or other after what manner the *French* come out of their Mother's Bellies; for considering what a wonderful contrariety there is between them and the *Spaniards*, in every thing almost, 'tis impossible in my opinion, they should be Born after the same manner, since they differ both in the middle and the end; that is to say, in Body and Soul, nay, and in their very Death too; I can hardly imagine they should have their natural beginning, which is their Birth, alike. Indeed the difference between them is so great and visible, that one cannot better define a *Frenchman* than by saying, he is the reverse of a *Spaniard*, for 'tis plain, that the *Spaniard* makes an end where the *Frenchman* begins;

gins; as I shall fully demonstrate in the following Chapters.

As for the *Soul*, if Faith did not teach me that they are all of the same Species, and that the Divine Architect with one action creates and infuses them into the Organical Body, I should never believe that the *Spanish* and *French* Souls were of the same Nature. Indeed, if we consider the Soul by it self, without any manner of relation to the Bodies of either People, 'tis certain, that 'tis neither *French* nor *Spanish*: But if on the other hand we consider it as united to the Body, in that sense 'tis no longer indifferent, but determined to be either *Spanish* or *French*.

So then I affirm, that the Soul, after 'tis once infus'd into a *French* Body, has all its Faculties quite different from one that is united to a *Spanish* one. First, As to the *Intellect*, all the World knows that your *Frenchmen* have a quick Apprehension, which will easily penetrate into the greatest Difficulty that is proposed to it, yet it goes no farther, neither does it enter into deeper Speculations that naturally may be deduced from the same difficulty, but with the same quickness as it apprehended, with the same it goes away and

and forgets it. On the contrary, The *Spaniard* is slow in apprehending any difficult Problem; but then, when once he thoroughly understands it, he retains it for ever; nay, he draws a thousand Consequences from thence, and sifts every individual Point belonging to it.

Besides, the *Spanish* Genius is wholly Speculative, for in all his Actions he proposes no other end to himself, than the Contemplation of things, without directing or applying to any servile or mechanical Employment. For this reason you shall find very few Natural *Spaniards* addict themselves to any Mechanical Trade, as Shoemaker, Taylor, Cobler, Joyner, Inn-keeper, or the like; and for the truth of this I appeal to the *French*, who have Travell'd in *Spain*, and at their return, rail at the Country, because they find no Victualling-houses nor Inns upon the Road as they have in *France*; so that sometimes they may travel three days and not see an Inn all the while; for which reason they are obliged to carry their Meat and Wine along with them. The *French-man's* Understanding is wholly Practical, and satisfies not it self in the bare knowledge of things, but learns them on purpose to reap some Advantage or Benefit by them.

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Thus 'tis never unactive, but to avoid Idleness, employs itself in any manner of Exercise, and to the influence principally of this Temper, we may ascribe the great variety of Trades in that Nation. The generality of your *French* Students, apply themselves to the study of the *Civil* and *Canon Law*, and very few of them mind the *Positive* or *Scholastick Divinity*. Among the *Spaniards* few study the Law, and almost all addict themselves to Theology.

To give another instance of the great difference in their Intellectual Faculties; A *French-man*, tho' he looks upon the Decisions of the Church to be Infallible, yet he does not implicitly receive them, but will examine and judge all Cases of Faith, and if he finds himself at a loss, will run his Boat a-ground, trusting to himself *en dernier ressort*, and won't be concluded by the Decisions of others. The *Spaniard* is fearful, and humbles his Understanding in matters of Religion: So that as soon as any Article of Faith determined by the Church, is propos'd to him, he immediately hoodwinks his Reason, and is so far from examining or calling it into question, that he endeavours all he can to avoid all Speculations upon that Point, lest through the frailty of his Intellect,

lest, he should unawares fall into Error. To this Principle we may infer the punctual and implicit Obedience which the *Spaniards* yield to the Church of *Rome*, and the Difference and Dissentions concerning these Points among the *French*.

A *French man* will resolve you Affairs of the nicest importance, tho' he's in never so much Company, and is not a jot disturb'd by any noise or hurry about him. Thus I have seen Persons of the highest Station and Quality in *France*, dispatch Commissions and other weighty Business, while they were sitting at Table, and give audience to a thousand People, their eating being no manner of disturbance to them. Nay, sometimes I have seen them at Dinner with a Man on each side of them, who will talk to them at the same time, and they will answer them as regularly as if they had locked up themselves in their Closets, and had nothing to do but hearken to the Affair in Debate. Nothing like this is practis'd in *Spain*, for if a *Spaniard* has any weighty Business upon his hands, he retires to some solitary Place, and has so invincible an aversion to Tumult and Noise, that if a Fly should buz by his Ear, when he is in the depth of Medita-

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tion, 'tis enough to break all his Measures for that time.

As for the second Faculty of the Soul, I mean the *Memory*, there is the greatest difference between the *Spaniards* and *French* that may be. The latter has his Memory wholly employ'd about the present, I mean, his Actions have no other end but that, neither remembring the past, nor concerning himself about the future: And thus while he enjoys a present Satisfaction, he forgets his former Sufferings, and never troubles his head with what may happen hereafter, although he certainly knows that he must pay dearly for this momentary Pleasure. On the other hand, the *Spaniards* weigh all their actions in the Scale of what is past and what is to come, and won't sit down with a present Security, till they have duly consider'd and examin'd all inconveniences that may happen. In short, the *Frenchman's* Memory is only employ'd about the present, (if a Man may properly be said to carry present things in his Memory) and the *Spaniards* about the past and the future. A *Frenchman* quickly Remembers, and as quickly Forgets, for he takes fire upon the least affront that's offer'd him, and as easily forgets and pardons it. A *Spaniard* must be exceedingly provoked,

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before

before he'll remember an Injury, but if 'tis once fix'd in his Mind, he hardly forgets it.

I cou'd easily swell this little Treatise into a Volume, were I minded to set down all the Contrarieties that may be discover'd in their Wills, and might be allowed to speak the Truth, without disobliging either Nation. Therefore not to make a particular Catalogue of their Vices and Vertues, I may without prejudice affirm, That no Nation in the Universe is so sedate and patient as the *Spanish*, for which reason they never Quarrel, unless they are provoked beyond enduring; whereas a *French-man*, if you chance but to tread upon his Toes, or brush a little Powder out of his Perriwig, immediately proclaims War against you, and never rests till you have met him in the Field.

The *Spaniards* are so true and constant in their Love, that they carry it to an Excess, and even Adore what they have made the Object of their Affection. For this Reason Persons of Quality in *Spain*, are allowed to be Covered in the Queen's Presence, provided they are engaged in Discourse with some Lady, and they excuse this strange Familiarity by saying they are *Embevecidos*, that is, either so dazled, or so taken up in contemplating the Divine Perfections

fections of their Mistresses, that they forgot they were before the Queen. They dare not so much as injure this Object in their Thoughts; and so inviolably do they preserve their Faith, that nothing is capable of lessening, or removing it; nay, they are so devoted to their Will upon these occasions, that they often sacrifice their Judgment to it. This is a Fault the *French* are seldom guilty of, who are so fickle and wavering in their Affections, that after they have settled them upon one, next day they can remove them to another, and so shift their hands to the end of the Chapter. And even those that cannot be charged with this Defect, as I doubt not there are many such among them, yet upon the least miscarriage or false step of their Friend or Mistress, will change the most violent Love into the coldest Disdain.

A *French-man*, if he's so happy to be in his Mistress's good Grace, will take care to proclaim it to all the World, will toast her Health in all Companies, write her Name in every Glass-window, show her Letters, nay, Garters, to Strangers he never saw before. This the *Spaniard* mortally abominates, who if he chances to be favoured by the Charming Nymph, will conceal his Happiness from his most

intimate Friends, and even from himself, if it were possible. In short, they have two contrary Motions in this particular. A *French-man* is desirous to show that which ought to be hidden: And a *Spaniard* endeavours to conceal that which is known to all the World.

In most places of the World, Love makes all the other Passions give way to its Impetuosity, and alters the very Character of the Person that is posselt with it. Thus we see it triumphs over the Avarice of Misers; it inspires the Irresolute with Courage; it suspends even Revenge; it makes a Beau of a dirty Peasant; it humbles the Arrogance of the Proud, and melts down the Affidity and Gallantry of the Beau. These Effects, particularly, it produces in *Spain*, where, like Gun-powder, it carries all before it. But in *France*, properly speaking, Love is nothing but meer Affectation; it is not a real Flame that warms the Heart, but a sort of a counterfeit Fire, that Glares indeed, but does not enliven; nay, its Empire is so Feeble there, that it cannot maintain its ground against Vanity, which is the predominant Passion of that Nation. When a *French-man* throws himself at his Mistress's Feet, and talks of Languishing and Dying for her,

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the Devil a jot he desires to be understood literally; No, the *Babillard* only loves to hear himself Prate, and make an unreasonable Parade of his Eloquence, and the pert Coquet on her side is affected with the same itch. Thus they say abundance of fine things, as they imagine, to one another, and depart as Wise as they came. Lovers in *Spain* know better things than to squander away their precious Minutes in idle Compliments when they meet together. For this Reason, a *Spanish* Lady reading a Romance of Monsieur *Calprenede*, where the Heroe and Heroine, after a million of Disappointments and cross Accidents, at last find themselves in Private, and observing that they did nothing but pelt one another with pointed Sentences, *Lord*, cries she, *what abominable Impertinence is here, I thought that when they once were met, they would have employed their time to a better purpose.*

In *Spain* Love has an absolute Monarchy, that it mixes with the most Solemn Acts of Devotion; and brings over even Religion to its Party. Thus on days of publick Penance, you shall see a Lover in *Madrid* exercise his naked Back with a Discipline till he's all over cover'd with Blood, under his Mistress's Balcony, and thinks he cannot give her a more-

convincing proof of his Affection. But in *France* Love is so far from making any Confessors or Martyrs, that it can hardly gain the Out-works of the Heart, and is so far from influencing the Soul, that it can't so much as Padlock the Tongue, which common Discretion, one would think, might doe of it self.

The *Spaniards* take an exceeding delight in outward Appearance and Show, being more sollicitous of their Reputation than Interest; so that they care not what Want or Misery they suffer, provided it is not known. Some there are, whose Places and Employments obliging them to go handsome in Cloaths when they appear Abroad, will fast you two whole Days (such Hardships does their Affectation make them suffer) that they may have a decent Cloak and starch'd Ruff to walk the Streets in; and on such occasions they will talk so Magnificently, and carry themselves so Haughtily, that one would swear they lived as high as the nicest *Epicures* in the World. On the other hand, a *French-man* makes his own private Interest and Pleasure, the end of all his Actions; and if he can but get a good Meal in his Guts, does not care a Rush what the World can say of him; and if he's in Want, makes no scruple

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to sell his Cloak, his Sword, nay, his very Shirt from his Back, and when these are spent, will appear Naked in the Street, and show himself to his Friends in this miserable pickle, thinking it no Disgrace to tell the World he has sold them to buy Food. If a *Spaniard* is reduced to such Extremities, that he must sell his Cloaths to buy Meat; first of all, he'll part with his Shirt, because he can cover the want of that well enough with his Doublet and Ruff. If his Necessities still encrease upon him, he'll sell his Doublet, and cover his Body with his Cloak. After his Doublet is demolish'd, then goes his trusty Sword, after that, his Ruff,; and the last transitory Movable that brings up the Rear, is his Cloak. Now, when a *French-man* is in Want, he takes quite different Measures, beginning just where the *Spaniard* ends; *Imprimis*, He sells his Cloak, next his Doublet, then his Breeches, and last of all his Shirt. Nothing in the Universe is more Fearless and Valiant than a *Spaniard* in Want, and there is not such a Desponding, Pusillanimous Animal in Nature, as a *French-man*, if he wants Victuals. A *Spaniard* will live you three Days upon a Crust of Bread; and look as fierce as *Tamerlane*. If a *French-man* is forced to go without his

dearly beloved Pottage but one day, he's presently Crest-fallen and gives himself for Lost.

A *Spaniard's* Gallantry is remarkable when he begs an Alms of you ; he'll ne'er confess 'tis Necessity that compels him to it, no, 'twas some unlucky Accident or Disaster that forc'd him to Cloath himself in a poor Habit, and take to these Courses, meerly to preserve his Life and Honour ; and when he Begs, he expresses himself in the following Strain,
 " Please you, Sir, to do a small favour
 " to an unfortunate Cavalier, who was
 " forc'd to leave his Country for an un-
 " lucky Mischance that befell him, so
 " that he is oblig'd to cloath himself in
 " this Habit as you see: But when you
 " know who it is that Begs, (and long
 " it shall not be before you know) you'll
 " think your self happy that you have
 " obliged a Person of his Rank and
 " Quality. If the Gentleman that hears
 him happens to be in the humour to listen to his Discourse, asks him who he is, and what Misfortune has befallen him, our *Spaniard* having first made him Swear, that he won't Discover him, replys,
 " That he is Nephew to such an Earl,
 " or such a Duke, or Brother to the
 " *Admiral of Castile*, and that a Great
 Prince's

" Princess falling in Love with him, he
 " convey'd her out of her Father's House
 " in Man's Apparel, but the Intrigue be-
 " ing unluckily Discover'd, by her Pa-
 " rents, he was forced to absent himself,
 " and live in that fashion till his Friends
 " could make up the Matter. And then
 for a concluding stroke, he'll tell him,
 " that he has fifteen or twenty Thousand
 " Crowns *per Annum*, and is Lord of
 " some nine or ten Mannors. In fine,
 the *Spaniard* then displays his Generosity
 most, when the World crosses him most.
 Thus, a Cocker of *Toledo* on his Death-
 bed, gave it in Charge to his Son, *Me-*
mineris in majestatem assurgere Familiã
tuã dignam. " Remember Boy, to main-
 " tain a Majesty and Grandeur worthy
 of thy Family. And a *Spanish* Woman
 travelling the Road with a parcel of half-
 starv'd Brats at her Heels, a Foreign
 Merchant very Charitably offer'd to take
 one of them off her hands and provide
 for him: " No, says she, very disdainfully,
 " I scorn your pretended Kindness. *Qui*
aut tu aut ego scimus in quæ Fata sit geni-
tus. " How can you or I tell what
 " mighty things Providence has reserved
 " in store for him? But if a *French-*
man is reduced to such a pass that he has
 not a Farthing to help himself, Lord!

how many wry Faces he makes, and all to get a few lousy Pence of the People; he will shrug up his Shoulders, wring his Hands, fall down upon his Knees, thump his Breast, Weep and Sigh, and in a lamentable Tone, desire you to give him a Farthing to buy a morsel of Bread; adding, that he has not eaten a bit these three Days, has nothing in the World to depend upon, and is forsaken by his nearest Relations and Friends. In short, he represents his condition so Wretched, shows himself so Submissive and Abject, and looks so wofully, that a Man must have his inside cased with Marble, not to bestow an Alms upon him, after he has heard so miserable a Story. 'Tis a common thing in *France*, when a Beggar begins to be Clamorous and Importunate, for the Gentlemen to cry, *Here's nothing for you; you troublesome Rascal, get you gone, or I'll break your Bones.* But in *Spain*, if one in this Predicament asks you for an Alms and you refuse him, you are obliged to treat him with as much Civility as a Courtier does his City Creditor, and must dismiss him with the Compliment of *Perdone Vuestra Merced, no tengo dineros.* That is to say, "Pardon me worthy Sir, I have no Money about me. This strain of Complimenting, reigns"

reigns universally ; so that if you are to speak to the meanest Tradesman, you must be sure to give him all his Titles of Honour, as exactly as if you were to deliver a Memorial to the Czar of *Muscovy*; for these little Folks, not only greet one another with *Sennores Cavaleros*, but the meanest of them thinks himself *Hidalgo como el Rey*, " As good a Gentleman as the King. The very Coachmen wear Tilters by their Sides ; (a Sword in *Spain* being as necessary as any Member of the Body, for it keeps them company till they go to Bed, and rises punctually with them ; and a Shoemaker no sooner quits *St. Crispin's* Equipage, but on go the Gentleman's Accoutrements, and he'll hardly put off his Hat first to the very Customer for whom he worked but the Minute before.

What is more remarkable, and shews the vast difference between the Ordinary People of these two Nations, your very Artificers in *Madrid*, never fail to appear at the Theatre with their Hat, Sword, and Rapier dangling by their Side ; go by the Name of *Cavaliers*, and are the topping Judges that decide the Poets Destiny. If they favour his Play with their Applause, it certainly Lives, but if it incur their Censure, Damnation is the word, and no Intrigues whatever can retrieve its

its Reputation when 'tis once blasted by their fatal Thunder. I have been told of a certain Author that went to wait on one of these Tyrannick Criticks, and offer'd him a hundred *Reals* to be favourable to his Comedy. No, Sir, says he, *I scorn your nasty Bribe, and will give my Vote according to the merit of your Piece.* In *France*, none but Gentlemen pass their Judgment upon these occasions; from whence we may conclude, that the meaner sort of People in *Spain*, either really have, or at least affect to have a greater share of Penetration, than those of the same Rank pretend to elsewhere.

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in and a-
bout Paris,

The Contrariety between the *French* and *Spaniards* as to their Bodies, is so manifest, that it would be time lost to make a long Discourse about it. To be brief then, 'tis evident to all the World that the generality of the *Spaniards* are little, and your *French* tall: Your *Spaniards* are Brown, the *French* Fair. Your *Spaniards* have fine black Hair, your *French* Red or Flaxen: Your *French* wear their Hair long, the *Spaniards* short: Your *French* have small spindle Legs, your *Spaniards* fleshy; by the same token, the Calf of a *Spaniards* Leg is as big as a *French-man's* Thigh: Your *French* shave their Beards clean; the *Spaniard* values him-

himself upon his Mustachoes, and leaves a little Tuft in the middle. The predominant Humour of the *French* is Choler, that of the *Spaniards*, Phlegm. The latter is Slow, the former Quick: One is Solid, the other is Airy: Your *French* are Merry and Mercurial; your *Spaniards* Saturnine and Melancholy: Your *French* are bold and full of Assurance; your *Spaniards* Modest and Shamefac'd: Your *French* are Rash; your *Spaniards* Wary: Your *French* Liberal; your *Spaniards* Frugal and Sparing. Besides these few Instances, I might set down an infinite number of others, which upon Examination, will be found to be full as different.

C H A P. III.

Of the Contrariety between the French and Spaniards in their Dress.

THERE having been a total Change almost in the *French* Habit since our Author writ this Chapter, and some little Alteration too in the *Spanish*, the Reader is desir'd to make allowance for those Particulars that don't come up to the present Mode on both sides.

If we observe it never so little, we shall find that almost in every particular the *Spanish* Dress differs from the *French*. The *Spaniard* from the Waste upward is Broad and Thick. On the other hand the *French-man* from the Middle upward is Slender, and his Doublet is as close and strait as a Glove. Among a Thousand *Spaniards*, I defy you to shew me one but wears a Cassock; whereas, not one *French-man* in a Thousand will condescend to wear one. You shall seldom see a *French-man* in the Summer time but he wears his Waistcoat open before, thinking it a mighty fine thing forsooth to shew his Holland Shirt:

But

But a *Spaniard*, tho' you should threaten him with the Gallies or the Rack, will never Unbutton himself, as looking upon it to be the most scandalous thing that may be to show ones Shirt. A *Spaniard's* Hat is high in the Crown, and narrow in the Brims; a *French-man's* quite contrary to this. The Neck and Collar of a *Spaniard* is close before; the *French-man's* open: That which the *Spaniard* wears upon his Arms, the *French-man* wears upon his Thighs; for the former wears long Sleeves and short Breeches, the latter very long Breeches, and his Doublet-sleeves very close. The *Spaniard* wears Garters, the *Frenchman* none at all. 'Tis a part of *French* Bravery to wear two great Roses which cover almost all his Shoe: The *Spanish* Magnificence affects to wear so small a Latchet that one can hardly perceive it. Your *French* wear high, hollow'd and pointed Heels; your *Spaniard* wears them low, broad and flat. The *Spaniard* draws up his Stockins so smooth that you can't see the least wrinkle in them: The *French-man* lets them fall loose, and desires to have four Pleats just above his Heel. The *Spaniards* wear a long Cloak, and let it hang down: The *French* wear it short and tuck'd up, that you can hardly see any thing but the Cape. A *French-*

French-man affects large Buttons, and places them at so great a distance, that you may march a Troop of Horse between the Intervals: A *Spaniard* wears them close and little. The latter contents himself with a small Collar-band or diminutive Ruff: The former will take Muslin enough in his *Steenkirk* to make a Sail for a Barge. 'Tis impossible for a *French-man* to keep his Arms under his Cloak as he walks the Streets; whereas, a *Spaniard* never holds them out. The *French* wear a little Sword with small Hilts, by the same token it hangs before them: The *Spaniards* wear a Rapier with large Hilts, and that by their Side. A *French-man* wears his Dagger in the middle of his Girdle; a *Spaniard* hangs it on one side. Your *Monsieur* when he goes to fight a Duel puts off his Doublet and Shirt with all the alacrity in the World: But the sturdy *Don* wears his Shirt, his Doublet, nay, his Coat of Mail into the bargain: The *French-man* begins to button his Doublet from the Neck down towards the Waste: The *Spaniard* begins at the Waste, and ends at the Neck. The *Spaniard* when he Dresses puts on his Doublet first: The *French-man* last. In cold weather a *French-man* will put on a Waistcoat in the Night, and leave it off in the Day, because he would

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would not seem thick Wasted: The *Spaniard* wears it in the day-time, and flings it off at Night.

To conclude, a *Spaniard*, unless Debauched by Foreign Education, is as constant to his National Habit, as to his Religion or his Mistress, and thinks it a piece of good Husbandry, or at least Respect shewn to his Ancestors, not to vary from their Dress; whereas, a *French-man* still employs his Fancy in contriving new Modes and Fashions of Apparel, and every other six Months appears in a different Garb; so that should a Country Gentleman there be seen at Court in his last year's Suit, tho' not a Farthing the worse for wearing, the very Foot-men and Lacquies wou'd make a Jest of him; nay, even with those of the better sort he'd find but an indifferent Reception, and be as universally gazed at as if he had drop'd from the Clouds in the antiquated Habit that was worn in the Reign of good King *Pharamond*, or *Dagobert*.

C H A P. IV.

The Contrariety between them as to their Eating and Drinking.

IS a constant Rule with the *Spaniards* to eat twice a day, that is at Dinner and Supper: Besides these two Meals, a *French-man* must have his *Break-fast*, and *Afternoon's Repast*. The *Spaniard* brings in his Fruit at the beginning of a Meal; your *French-men* at the latter end. The *Spaniards* have every one their several Plates to eat their Sloop in: Your *French-men* eat all out of the same Dish. The Meat that comes to a *Spaniard's* Table is cut in small Pieces; the *French-man's* is whole. Your *Monsieur* never scruples to put all his Fingers in the Dish to take out a Sop: Your *Don*, if he has no Fork, will very gingerly take it up with too Fingers: What good Meat remains at dinner, the *Spaniard* lays up for his Supper: The *French man* never

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brings the same Meat to Table again. The *Spaniard* eats his Roast-meat first; the *French-man* his Boil'd. The *Spaniard* eats Sallads only at Supper, and then at the beginning; your *French-man* at every Meal, and then at the latter end. A *Spanish* Woman, whether Wife, Maid, or Widow, is not allow'd to drink Wine at all: Whereas, a *French* Woman after Marriage is permitted to take what liberty she pleases. The *French-man* after Dinner, walks and goes about his Business; the *Spaniard* takes his Rest and Sleeps, having this common saying in their Mouths, That nothing but Dogs and French-men walk the strets in an Afternoon. When a *Spaniard* drinks, he fills his Water out first and then his Wine: The *French-man* his Wine first and Water afterwards: Your *French man* is perpetually talking while he eats, but 'tis next to a Miracle if one Syllable drops from a *Spaniard*. A *French-man* calls aloud for his Drink: The *Spaniard* beckons and says not a word. The *Spaniard* eats much Bread and little Meat; The *French* much Meat and little Bread. The *Spaniard* eats as leisurely as if every Morsel were a Theological Problem for him to digest: The *French-man* so very fast, as if that very individual Minute he were to take his farewel of eating.

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In short, when a *Spaniard* has treated you at his House and you are ready to part, he leads the way out first, making a Compliment to the Stranger of leaving him in Possession: Whereas, the usage is quite different in *France*.

CH A P. V.

Of their Contrariety in Walking.

Tis Comical enough to observe a parcel of *French-men* how they walk in the Street, for were there a hundred of them, they'd walk all in a cluster, and take up the whole breadth of the Street. In short, they come up all in a Body like a flock of Geese, stumbling, falling, and rising, yet never quitting their Rank; neither advancing forward, nor tarrying behind, tho' they meet with other Company, and are jostled by them; nay, tho' they

they juffle and are ready to run over one another. The *Spaniards* take a quite different course, for if there are more than three of them, they walk only two and two; so that when there's a pretty large Company of them, they make a sort of Procession among them.

In walking the *French* constantly keep their Places when they turn: The *Spaniards* change at every turn, those going into the middle that were on the sides. The *French* generally walk as fast as if a Serjeant were at their Heels to quicken their Motion: The *Spaniards* with as much gravity and circumspection as if they were actually visited by a quartan Ague, or at least just recover'd out of it. The *French* are so extravagantly given to Dancing, that they can't forbear it even as they walk the Streets, and neither Age, Sicknes, nor Poverty can make 'em leave it off. Let but the joyful noise of a Fiddle twinkle in a country Village, and immediately the Curate and all his Flock, Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, Old and Young, Men, Women and Children, shall resort to the Man of Harmony, and shake their Heels so merrily, that the *Atoms* in the *Epicurean* Hypothesis, never frisk'd it so nimbly. Whereas, the *Spaniards* Dance as if they Walked, and are so religiously faithful
to

France and Spain

to the Gravity of their Ancestors, that their Steps rather resemble the awkward Reverences of a *Carmelite*, or the stiff Movements of a Gouty Person, than the light airy Capers of one that Dances. A *French-man* always Rides a full Trot: A *Spaniard* as leisurely as if he were troubled with the Stone. Your *Monsieur's* Foot-men run after their Master when he Rides: The *Don's* go before. Your *Spaniards* wear their Cloaks and Swords on Horse-back, nay, and their Servant's Sword too: But in *France* the Page carries his Master's Sword and Cloak: If a *French-man* walks Pensive, he lets his Cloak hang upon one Shoulder, and holds his Hand upon the Pommel of his Sword: The *Spaniard* throws out his Legs, and turns his Mustachio's. When a parcel of *French-men* walk together in the Street, they cut Capers, Sing, Laugh, and make such a Chattering, that you may hear them a Mile off. The *Spaniards* walk upright, stiff, and grave, say not a word, and are not guilty of the least indecent Action. A *French-man* when he meets his Friend, salutes him with his whole Body, bowing his Head, kissing his Hands, and making Legs; and in this variety of Postures he'll spend you half an Hour. The *Spaniard* keeps his Body and Head as erect

as a Stake, and with the bare taking off
of his Hat, requites the reiterated Cring-
ings and Ceremonies of the *French-man*.
Your *French*, let their Quality be what
it will, make no scruple to take an Ap-
ple or Cheese cake out of their Pocket,
or buy it in the Street, and eat it be-
fore all the World. A *Spaniard* so much
abhors this Freedom, that he wou'd not
do it to purchase the *Indies*, for fear of
giving Scandal. When a *French-man* spies
any one at a distance and wou'd beckon
to him, he lifts up his Hand to his Shoul-
ders: The *Spaniard* casts his Hand down,
and holds it towards his Feet.

CHAP. VI.

How they differ in their Conversation.

SHould I pretend to recount all the Particulars, that Naturally fall under this Head, I should be obliged to swell this small Book into a bulky Volume; and therefore, to avoid Prolixity, to which I ever had an Aversion, I will, in as few words as may be, show the different Genius of these two Languages, and Glance *en passant* upon the Third, which is the *Italian*. Some Learned Virtuoso's pretend, that these three Languages are as Old as the Creation; and that they were all three used between God, the Serpent, and Man. In the first place, they maintain, that when God commanded *Adam* not to eat of the Tree of Forbidden Fruit, he spoke to him in *Spanish*; intimating by this, that the Distinguishing Character of that Language, was Gravity, Force, Authority, and Magnificence. After God had given him this Command, the Serpent, they say, the easier to seduce him into Sin, and to disobey the Divine Command, attack'd him.

him in *Italian*; to shew that no Language in the Universe is so Perswasive, so Melting, and so Happy at moving the Passions as that: And Lastly, after our First Parents had transgressed, God summon'd them to appear before him; and asking them the Occasion of their Disobedience, they humbly replied to Him in *French*: there being no Language so calculated for the Meridian of *pardonnez moy & vous m'excuserez*, in short, so adapt'ed to cringing, scraping, and complementing, as that. *Erasmus* is pleas'd to express himself to this Effect in one of his Books; that *French* or *Dutch*, would serve him well enough, to prattle and chat about things of no manner of Importance: but *Latin* was the only Language in the Universe, to be used upon any serious Affair. Twas an usual Saying of *Charles* the Fifth, that if he were to converse with Ladies, he would make use of the *Italian* Tongue, if with Men, of the *French* Tongue; if he were to talk with his Dogs and Horses, he would do it in *High Dutch*: but if he were to talk with God, he would talk *Spanish*: by which we may observe, how great a Respect, that Emperor had for the *Castilian* Tongue. To deliver my own Thoughts, impartially upon this Subject, nothing can be more Pompous than *Spanish*;
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nish; there's hardly a Word in the whole Language, but stretches the Mouth, and fills the Ear; it bestows big, sounding Names upon the meanest Trifles: witness, its *Maravedis*, its *Pimpellos*, its *Gusarapas*, its *Relampagos*, its *Palanquinas*, and a thousand other Words of the same Nature: For which Reason, an Ingenious Foreigner used to say, that whenever he heard any of these blustering Roarers, he could not help thinking of the *Mançanares*: When a Man first hears this Mighty Word, he would be apt to conclude, says he, that the River of *Madrid*, which goes by that Magnific Name, was undoubtedly the greatest River in the World; whereas it is a small, contemptible Brook, for the most part Dry, which three Asses may at any time drink up, and as easily piss brim-full again. In short, the *Spanish* Tongue, generally represents Objects greater than they are, and goes beyond Nature: For it observes no Methods in its *Metaphors*, and is so furiously given to *Hyperboles*, that one may without Prejudice say, that this Figure is the beloved Favourite of the *Castilians*, as 'twas formerly said, that the *Irony* was the Favourite of *Socrates*. Their Books are full of these extravagant Figures, and swell'd all along with this Hyperbolical Tumour. To give but two Instances,

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Instances of this, One of their Celebrated
 † Poets, forsooth, tells us, he will leave *Pedro Padilla*
 off Sighing for the Future, because his
 Sighs being actual Fire, he is afraid
 they will hasten the Universal Conflagra-
 tion, and reduce the Heavens, the Earth,
 and the Sea to Ashes. Another Modern
 Writer, speaking of the Grandeur of the
Austrian Family, a Subject, upon which
 most of the *Spanish* Authors are apt to
 lose themselves, is pleased to say, that as
 under the Written Law, God chose to
 be call'd the God of *Abraham*, so under
 the Law of Grace, to be called the God
 of the House of *Austria*, the God of *Ro-*
dolph, of *Philip* and of *Ferdinand*.

This is the true Genius of the *Spanish*
 Language, as they themselves, if they
 speak impartially, cannot but confess, and
 to say the Truth, Languages generally
 follow the Inclination and Temper of the
 Respective Nations where they are spoken.
 The *Greeks*, who were a Polite Voluptuous
 People, had a Delicate Language, full
 of Sweetness and Elegance. The *Romans*,
 who sought after nothing but Glory, and
 seem'd to be born for the Universal Empire
 of the World, had a Noble Majestick Lan-
 guage; which made a Celebrated Father
 of the Church say, that the *Latin* Tongue

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was an Imperious Haughty Language, whose Peculiar Character it was, rather to Command than Perswade. The *Germans* have a Rude Gross Language, the *Italians* a Soft Effeminate one, both suited to the Temperament and Manners of their Country. The *Spanish* Language has a deep Tincture of that Gravity and lofty Air, which is so Natural to the whole Nation. They delight in Words of a mighty Length, and consequently are obliged to pronounce them with great Deliberation; as we see a great heavy Coach can't turn about so readily as a Chaise. Whereas the *French*, who are a Volatile Frothy People, talk so fast, as if they were afraid every Word would blister their Tongues; and to favour this Quickness of Pronunciation, the Accent everlastingly bears upon the last Syllable, so that like a Horse thundering full Gallop down a steep Hill, on they go with an Impetuous Career, and never stop nor stay, till their Lungs are perfectly jaded under them. But when they have prattl'd, it may be, six Hours by the Clock, 'tis ten to one, whether, in all this multitude of Words, they were guilty of saying one tolerable good thing; for, like a Dog in a Wheel, tho they move perpetually, yet they don't advance. For this Reason their Language much delights

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in Monosyllables; yet so unconscionably are they given to Circumcision, that even these poor Monosyllables they sometimes plunder of two or three Letters, to make them run the lighter in their Passage: As for those *Latin* words that are too long for so nimble a People, they dock them without any more ado, and bring them down to their own Standard: as *Procrustes*, in the Days of Yore, did his long-shanked Guests to the length of his Bed. In short, they serve the Words of Foreign Nations, just as they keep their Treaties with them, retain as much of them as fits their Purpose, and the rest they sling away.

But to dismiss this Speculation, 'tis evident by Experience, that the *French* generally speak much and very loud; the *Spaniards*, on the other hand, talk little and softly.

And as the former are so liberal of their Tongues, 'tis no Wonder that in the full Career of their Discourse, they often overshoot themselves, and make somewhat too familiar with one anothers Reputation. This immediately occasions a fine fruitful Crop of Law-suits: and as 'tis the way of the Gentlemen of *France*, to lug out, and tilt upon every Imaginary Affront: so the meaner sort of People, not having Metal enough to venture the Pinking of their

own Carcasses, yet as full of Spleen and Malice as they can hold, whenever any lowzy Difference happens among them, presently repair to that long-winded Oracle the Law; and, *you Dog, I'll give you your Belly full of the Law*, says one, and *I'll lead you a dance about the Pig-market, till your Heart akes*, cry's the other, and so to their Advocates they go. This humour prevails, more or less, all over *France*: but it may be said to reign in *Normandy*, where the Goddess of Discord keeps her Head Quarters; and the People are so universally possess'd with this petty-fogging Damon, this Spirit of Litigiousness, that the meanest Artificer, rather than drop his Process, or the Wheels of the Law shall want Oyling to set them in Motion, will sell the Bed from under him, pawn his Wife's Wedding-Ring, and Pettycoat, and reduce himself to the last Necessities. Whereas a *Spaniard* is Circumspect in his Behaviour, Sparing in his Discourse, and seldom or never Calumniates his Neighbour behind his Back: and if his affairs compel him to have Recourse to that left-handed Daughter of Justice, the Law, like a Prudent Prince, who weighs all Circumstances, before he engages in an expensive War, he seriously computes the Charges that will attend it, and considers whether

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ther his Purse is able to maintain so craving a *Harpy*: thinking it the greatest piece of indiscretion in the World to level a Revenge against another, that in the end will recoil most severely upon himself, and feed the Extravagance of a Mercenary Babler, who does not care, if all his Clients, and their Causes were in the bottom of the Sea.

But to proceed to other Particulars. If you should ask a *Spaniard* what made him come out of *Spain*, he would answer, that the King his Master, had employ'd him to dispatch a certain Negotiation of the last Importance: But if you should put the same Question to a *Frenchman*, he'll shrug his Shoulders, and tell you he has performed a Pilgrimage to St. *Jagues* in *Galicia*, or visited the Holy Crucifix of *Burgos*, and that his Comrade dying in an Hospital, he stays behind, expecting some Country-men to bear him company home again. In short, you shall get nothing of a *Spaniard*, when he is in a Foreign Country, but what discovers a true Grandeur of Soul, and carries its own Authority along with it: and from a *Frenchman*, when he is in *Spain*, you shall hear nothing but what is infinitely mean, and creeping to the last Degree.

The same difference you may observe between a *French* and *Spanish* Soldier, when they are Marching out of their Quarters, where they lived at Rack and Manger all the Winter, to take the Field. The Latter calls his Landlord aside, and twirling his Mustacho's with great Gravity, assures him upon his Honour, that he is sorry to leave him, before he has satisfied him for all his Civilities: But what can he do? His Catholick Majesty, crys he, being taken up in Affairs of greater Consequence, forgot to send the usual Remittances to the Army in *Flanders*; but as soon as our Pay arrives, I shall be proud to lay it at your Feet. In the mean time, rest satisfi'd, that your Money's as safe, as if it were in your Pocket: for let the worst that can happen, I know my Uncle the Merchant yonder at *Sevil*, will send me a small Token of his Benevolence, one of these days, and then, Old Landlord, we'l sing old Rose, and burn the Bellows. Tho these fair Promises perhaps are never intended to be kept, yet 'tis some Comfort to the poor Fellow, that his Guest pays him in Civil Language: Let us now view the opposite Character, and see how a *Frenchman* behaves himself upon this Occasion. What! you Dog, you expect Mony, do you?

you? but I'll see you and all your Family hang'd first. Did not I do you Honour enough to eat your Ill-drest Victuals, to lye in your nasty Sheets, and content my self with that dirty Slattern your Wife, when I might have ravished either of your two plump Daughters; but you must think of Wicked Pence, and be damn'd to you. No, I have been but too Civil to you, you white-liver'd Prigg, not to cut your Throat, nor fire such an exacting House as yours is. The King pays not me, I pay not you, *Beggar*, I will be like my King: With that, he cocks his Hat, rattles his Cane against the Bar, tosses his Wigg over his Shoulder, and then Singing, Whistling and Swearing, makes his Exit.

Your *Spaniards* have a Property peculiar to themselves, wherein they differ from all People in the World. I mean, that when they are out of their own Country, they respect, help, and assist one another to a Miracle, altho they were Mortal Enemies at Home. If a Stranger should ask a *Spaniard* any Questions about a Countryman of his, or enquire who or what he is, tho, perhaps, the Fellow's Original is as unaccountable as a Mushroom's, and his Father was a Botcher of old Breeches, or the like, he will reply with a great deal of Admiration, is it then possible, *Sir*, that you

“ should not know this Cavalier, and have
 “ heard nothing of his History, (tho the
 “ Scoundrel, ten to one, has not a Rag to
 “ cover his Nakedness,) I dare venture to
 “ lay you a hundred Pound to a Farthing,
 “ that there’s scarce a Child in the whole
 “ Kingdom, five years old, but knows him, at
 “ least if he is of any Fashion. Why, Sir,
 “ you must understand, (but this I tell you
 “ by way of a Secret, which I would dis-
 “ cover to none but your self) that he is
 “ the Eldest Son to the *Majorateo* of *Arra-*
 “ *gon*, and derives his Blood from one of
 “ the best Families in *Spain*; nay, some
 “ People, to my knowledge, will tell
 “ you, that he is lineally descended from
 “ K. *Sebastian* of Glorious Memory; and
 “ yet, Sir, he goes in this pittiful Dis-
 “ guise, as you see, for an unlucky, cross
 “ Accident that happen’d to him; but I
 “ conjure you, Sir, by all that is good and
 “ sacred, not to let the King know any
 “ thing of this; for his Majesty would be
 “ as angry as the Devil, should he know
 “ he was in the Kingdom, and did not ride
 “ immediately to his Palace, and alight
 “ at the Court-Gate, and therefore, Sir,
 “ he would not be known for a Million.
 Now, your *Frenchmen*, and indeed, most
 Nations in the World, when they are in
 a Foreign Country, speak contemptibly

of one another, are always at Daggers-drawing; in short, they snarl, defame, and say all the Scandalous things they can of their Country-men. Supposing a Foreigner should ask him, pray, Sir, who is this Companion of yours, what Estate may he have, &c. 'Tis a Silly, Rascally Block-head, replies the other, a good-for-nothing Coxcomb, his Father sold second hand Cloaks, Gowns and Petty-coats, lest him a few nasty Acres, which he's a destroying by his Folly as fast as he can. Damn him, for an Insipid Log-ger-head, his Grandfather was a Hog-driver, and his Grandmother sold Tinder-boxes in Summer, and Gray Pease in the Winter Season. After this manner, they always bespatter and defame one another, and this very often proves no small disadvantage to them, when they are reduced to any Necessity, and by cross Winds, or other untoward Accidents, come to be disappointed of their Bills.

All the Engagements, and Obligations in the World, can't make a *Frenchman* keep a Secret: But tho his Father's or Brother's Life lay at Stake, out it must come, and be whisper'd by way of a wonderful *Arcanum*, to at least half a hundred of his Acquaintance, till at last it is whisper'd all over the Nation. Whereas
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all the Treasures of *America*, shall never extort a Secret from a *Spaniard*. To conclude, all the Actions of a *Spaniard*, are Diametrically opposite to those of a *Frenchman*, and for my part I despair of naming one Individual thing wherein they agree.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Contrariety between them, as to Affairs of Religion.

SOME thing too has already been said by us upon this Point; but now I intend to be a little more particular in my Observations. Far be it from me, to charge the whole *French* Nation with a Spirit of Irreligion and Prophaneness. I am satisfied, there are a world of as **Devout** and **Pious** Souls in that Kingdom, as the Sun any where beholds: but this I may venture to affirm, that whether it happens through the Mercurial Warmth of their Temper, which carries them headlong without considering where they are, or whether it is occasioned by their Excessive Inclination

to,

to turn every thing into * *Burlesque*, and Ridicule, the *French* assume a much greater Freedom to Discourse and Argue, nay, Jest and Trifle, about Matters of Religion, than the *Spaniards* were ever known to do. That this is no Ill-grounded Imputation, unjustly laid at their doors, will appear by the following Stories, (I could have Instanced in many more, had I been so minded) which, I remember, were told me, when I was at *Paris*. A *French Gentleman* lay Sick on his Death-bed, and the Priest telling him that the Holy Sacrament of the Altar was the very Numerical Body and Blood of Christ, refus'd to meddle with it, because it was Friday, on which day 'twas not lawful to eat Flesh. Another in the like Extremity, seeing the Host brought to him by a lubberly Curate, he cry'd aloud, that our Saviour came to him as he entred *Jerusalem*, riding upon an Ass. At the *Grave*, which is the Publick Place of Execution at *Paris*, a certain Malefactor, for several Enormous Crimes committed by him, was condemn'd to be broken upon the Wheel. To encourage the poor Wretch in his last Agonies, the Priest told him, that if he sincerely repented of all his Sins, he should Sup that Night with

* Monsieur Pelisson in his admirable History of the French Academy, tells us of a Book that was published at Paris, with this Execrable Title, The Passion of our Saviour Jesus Christ in Burlesque Verse.

with our Saviour in Paradise: Why then, honest Friend, says he, (slipping a Halt-Crown into his hands) do you go in my room, there's enough to defray your Ordinary; for I am no Supper-man. Another, in the same Predicament, very seriously desired the Carman not to drive through such a Street, because he heard it was infected with the Plague. And another, not to drive through such an Alley, because he had abundance of Creditors there, and was afraid they would Arrest him. But of this more than enough.

Now a Stranger may live forty years in *Spain*, and never hear any thing like this come out of the mouth of a *Spaniard*. If any one should object: that our People would take as great a Latitude as their Neighbours, if the Inquisition did not padlock up their mouths, and constrain them to dissemble their inward Thoughts, by the dread of its Punishments; I answer, true it is, that this severe Tribunal obliges every one to be very Cautious, how he meddles with the Mysteries of Religion; but, were this Ecclesiastical Muzzle taken off, the Genius of the *Spanish* Nation is so directly opposite to all levity and wantonness of Speech, but especially in Sacred Matters, that we should have few or none among us indulge themselves in so unfashionable a Licentiousness.

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The manner of Preaching in *France* is very different from that of *Spain*. A *French* Preacher thinks he can never use Action enough in the Pulpit, to raise the Attention of his Auditors ; sometimes you shall see him extend his Arms, and raise himself on his tip-toes, as if, like another *Dædalus* he were practising to fly ; then on the sudden down he drops, that you'd swear he had taken his Farewel of you ; he beats the Cushion, he tosses his Handkerchief, now squeaks like a Treble, now grunts like a double Courtal, and, in short, lays about him with that Fury and Vehemence, that one would think his Congregation were troubled with a Lethargy, and not to be kept awake without all this Clamour and Noise. Whereas in *Spain*, the Priest, generally speaking, uses no more Action than is just necessary to enliven his Discourse, and make a due Impression upon the People's Affections : His Pronunciation is Solemn and Becoming, varied, as the occasion requires, but never Affected or Theatrical.

The *Spaniards* accuse the *French* of undutifulness to the Papal See, and of a coldness, or at least an indifference as to the Propagation of the Catholick Faith. *Francis* the 1st. they say, first perswaded *Solyman* the Magnificent to attempt the Siege of *Vienna*, and his Successors, ever since

since, have made no scruple to enter into Leagues with Infidels and Hereticks, in order to carry on their secular Designs. They furnish'd the *Hollander* with Men and Ammunition then in Actual Rebellion against his Catholick Majesty; they call'd the *Swede* into *Germany*; and the Doctors of the *Sorbonne* have more than once presumed to publish Decrees and Propositions directly clashing with those of the *Vatican*, and this by the Countenance, if not express Command of him, who styles himself *the Eldest Son of the Church*; whereas the *Spaniard*, they pretend, always paid an exact Obedience to the Holy Pontiff, and the Decisions of the Church, and is so Zealous in cultivating the Interest of the Catholick Religion, that he has converted whole Nations to the Christian Faith, and scorns to strike up a Peace with the Turks or Moors upon the most advantageous Terms whatsoever. The *Spaniards*, I must confess, are partly in the right in what they say; but I am afraid that if ever the Necessity of their Affairs should oblige them to have Recourse to Heresies for Assistance, or if the Pope should expouse a different Party to that of the House of *Austria*, they would be tempted to Act just as their Neighbours the *French* have done, and Sacrifice the Cause of Religion to Temporal Ends.

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As the *French* are much more lavish in their Talk, than the *Spaniards*, 'tis no Wonder, that the Superfluities of their Brains discharge themselves so plentifully at their Fingers ends, and that they scribble more Volumes of all sorts, than any other Nation in *Europe*. Hence it comes about that they have plagu'd the Press with so many Cart-loads of Histories, Memoirs, Essays, Novels, Romances, Letters, Dialogues, Translations, Madrigals, Sonnets, and Abridgments upon Abridgments world without end; most of which Trifles have their Run for about a Fortnight or so, and then are deliver'd over to everlasting Oblivion. The Women too are no less infected with this Contagion than the Men; and every paltry Author, who in Conjunction with his necessitous Bookseller, can but invent a Specious, New Title for a Book, immediately locks up himself in his Garret, diets his Fancy with Water Gruel, and in a Fortnights time is deliver'd of an ill-favour'd Offspring, which dies before it can be regularly damn'd. We in *Spain* talk little, and write little; but when we do either, we do it to the Purpose; and I may without Vanity affirm, that *Don Quixot* alone is to be preferr'd to all that *France* has produced,

ced, either before or since the so much boasted Improvement of their Language.

CHAP. VIII.

*Of some other Particulars where-
in they differ.*

THe Natural Antipathy between these two Nations, which is now become Hereditary, and goes transmitted from Father to Son, like Original Sin, not only discovers it self in the different Fashions, Habits and Ceremonies, of which we have given so many Instances; but what is more unlucky, it makes them ridicule, censure, and condemn one another's Customs, as Absurd and Barbarous, tho in themselves never so Decent and Commendable. This naturally produces the three inseperable Defects of Hatred, viz. Distrust, Distract-ion and Contempt.

For instance, suppose you tell a *Frenchman*, that such a City or Garrison of theirs surrendred to the *Spaniards*: or, in short, tell him of any other Noble Exploit performed

formed by those of our Nation, he'l no more believe it than the History of K. Arthur's Round Table, or the most monstrous Stories in *Palmerin of England*: Nay, if an Angel from Heaven should come down to confirm the Truth of it, he would hardly give any Credit to him. And, at last, when the matter of Fact appears so plain against him, and is corroborated by so many concurring Testimonies, that nothing but a down-right Madman or Sot dares offer to contradict them, he'l at least endeavour to save his Countryman's Reputation, by pretending that either they yielded without any Opposition, or else were surpriz'd when they were asleep, or that the Centinels were such Rascals as to betray them, or that there were only thirty *French* Soldiers in the Garrison, and the *Spaniards*, that invested it, were three thousand strong; or, in short, that there were so many *French* Deserters in the *Spanish* Army, that by their Intelligence or Treachery, the Battle or Garrison came to be lost. Thus they impute all our Victories to some unlucky Accident or Misfortune, and not to true Merit and Bravery.

In like manner, to turn the Tables; if you should tell a *Spaniard* that the *French* have defeated and cut to peices a body of *Spaniards*, he will tell you, that either the

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continual Rains occasioned their Overthrow, or that their Canon was rendred unserviceable, or that a Contagious Distemper had destroy'd half their Men before the Action. In short, you can never prevail by dint of Courage, or Experience in Military Affairs, but down right Chance and Fortune.

'Tis a Truth acknowledg'd by all the World, that *Spain* is infinitely more barren than *France*, as well, by reason of the unhappiness of its Soil in most parts, as the little Rain that falls there: And therefore, we are ready to acknowledge, that *Languedoc* and *Provence* supply *Catalonia* with the better part of its Provisions: nor is this all; but *France* furnishes us with Cambrick, Holland and other Linnen; and yet tho all this is as plain as the Sun at Mid-day, yet you shall never prevail with a *Spaniard* to own that *France* is a better, richer, or more populous Country than *Spain*. And the same fond Prepossession for their Country, you'll find among the *French*; for Persons of the highest Quality will rail at *Spain*, and make it the constant Subject of their Mirth, tho they borrow the nicest and best part of their Luxury and Magnificence out of that Country: for a *French* Nobleman, if he has any fine Horses in his Stable, they are all of *Spani*

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Spanish Extraction: if he has a fine Suit of Cloaths upon his Back, 'tis made of *Spanish* Wool: if he pretends to regale himself with generous Wine, 'tis of *Spanish* growth: Nay, when he goes to play, he scorns to carry any other Mony about him but *Spanish* Peices. Now, altho' all this is as true as the Gospel, yet you can never persuade them to believe otherwise, but that *Spain* is a poor beggarly Country, and the *Spaniards* a parcel of Starving, Neccessitous, Unhospitable and Malicious Devils: and at last, when Experience convinces them of the contrary, the most you can get from them is, that every thing in *Spain* is good, but the Inhabitants.

The *French* have a very contemptible Opinion of the *Spanish* Theatre, and laugh at their Dramatick Compositions, and yet are content to borrow their best Plots and Intrigues from the *Spanish* Authors, who, in point of Invention and Contrivance, must, by their greatest Adversaries be allow'd to excel all the rest of Mankind. 'Tis true, they have their Defects; they Act their Plays by Day-light, and consequently the Decorations of the Stage don't appear to that Advantage as they do elsewhere; and then, whether the Scene lies in old *Athens* or *Rome*, or it may be in *Persia*, the Persons represented are always Appa-

Apparell'd in the *Spanish* Garb, which freely confess is very Ridiculous and Improper: But then to do Impartial Justice, the *French* have their faults, as well as we. 'Tis true, as has been already acknowledged, we make the Hero's of all Nations wear our Habit; which, however, is little or no Prejudice to their Character, if that be truly drawn and preserved: Now the *French* are so superstitiously nice as to show them exactly in their own Country Garb, which is chiefly the Taylor's Ingenuity, but unmercifully rob them of their distinguishing Characters, without the least Remorse of Conscience: Their Poets, not confining themselves to the manners of Antiquity, whenever they introduce *Alcibades* or *Hannibal*, *Alexander* or *Julius Caesar* upon the Theatre, first give 'em a *Parisian* Education, and make them talk just as if they were come piping hot from the *Academy*. And then, their *Hecuba's*, their *Andromache's*, their *Iphigenia's* and *Cornelia's*, in short, all their Women, like true *French* Gossips, talk infinitely more than comes to their Share, determine niceties of Love and Honour, argue, dispute, and rally their Lovers; tho we know these Liberties were far from being the Practice either of *Rome* or *Athens*. This, as I take it, is a crying Solecism with a vengeance,

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and much more unpardonable than ours, who only make bold to give them a modern Habit, but leave them the free use of their own Ancient Characters and Sentiments. And therefore the *French* Criticks had best consider this before they make their next Attack upon the Theatre of *Madrid*: for I dare appeal to any Indifferent Person, whether it is not a less Injury to rob one of his Cloaths, than to falsifie his Character, and destroy his Reputation.

The *Spaniards* look upon that Freedom, Gayety and Mirth, which is so peculiar to those of the *French* Nation, to be Scandalous Base, and Abject to the last degree: or if they bestow softer Terms upon it, they call it Weakness and Indiscretion. For me, as much a Lover of my Country Customs as I am, I am wholly of the Opinion, that this Freedom of Access and Familiarity, which is so particular to the *French*, ought to be copied by all the World. Let a Subject's circumstances be never so mean, yet he has the Privilege there of opening his Grievances to the King, and no Courtier about him dares presume to obstruct his Petition. This is a piece of Justice, which their greatest Adversary's must do the *French*; and as we *Spaniards* pass a severe Censure upon their *Levity*, as we call it, so the *Frenchmen*, to be even with us,
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Christen our Gravity and reserved Humour by the Name of Pride and Haughtiness; and yet this Conduct is certainly very commendable; for is it not reasonable that every Man should set a due value upon his own worth; and not suffer other People to be too familiar with him, which naturally ends in Contempt and Disrespect?

The *Spaniards* are perswaded, that the *French Profusion* at their Feasts and Entertainments is an *undiscreet* as well as an *unseasonable* piece of Luxury: And indeed it is notorious to all the World, that the Nobility there are extremely Profuse as well as Nice in their Dishes; and their chief Design of doing this, is to gain the Reputation of keeping good Houses, and to make themselves respected by their Servants and Dependants. On the contrary, the *French* are of opinion that to lay aside this generous way of living, and in the room of it to Introduce the *Spanish Oeconomy*, would be scandalous and base. They impute our *Frugality* to our *Avarice*, and reproach us with keeping a *Parcimonious* Table only to avoid Expence, whereas 'tis principally owing to our Prudence and Temperance; which latter, besides that it keeps all the Faculties of our Minds and Bodies in good order, is the Mother of all the Virtues.

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The *French* are apt upon every Occasion to exclaim against the Haughtiness of the *Spaniards*, and pretend they are the proudest People under the Sun. When they are desired to be more particular in their Charge, they don't instance in our *Grandeess*, or *Gentlemen*, but only in our *Artificers*, who, they say, are generally morose and surly, and not so respectful and complaisant to their Customers, as they are in *France*. Let us examine this Matter in its due light. A Traveller in *Spain* happens to drop one of his *Horses Shoes* upon the Road, this Accident obliges him to call at the next *Farrier's Shop* he sees? the *Farrier* is no sooner acquainted with his grievance, but ordering his *Servant* to take off his *Cloak* and *Sword*, he sets himself to work and dispatches the *Affair*; when that is done, he puts on his *Cloak* and *Sword*, takes his *Mony*, and without any more ado goes about his *Business*. The Traveller calls him an unmannerly *Puppy*. For What? why, because he did not cringe, and scrape, and bow to him: What *Obligation* had he to do so? The *Gentleman's Horse* wanted a *Shoe*, without which he could not travel a step further; The *Farrier* relieves him in this *Exigence*, and is pay'd for his *Labour*. For my part, I think the *Obligation* lies, rather on the

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Gentleman's side than the Farrier's, who knew well enough that the other would have seen him damn'd, before he would have called upon him, if he had not wanted his Assistance. 'Tis true, the *French* Tradesmen are the Civilest, but withal, the Meekest Scoundrels upon Earth; they will persecute you with a thousand *Votre tres-humble Serviteurs* for taking but sixpence of your Mony, which shews what a pittiful, low Spirit they are of, that can stoop to such servile Cringings and Submissions, for the sake of a little Gain. 'Twas my Fortune once in *Paris*, to pass by a Barber's Door, who, to invite Customers, had written, *I Shave for two-pence*, in Capital Letters, upon his Sign: Having occasion at that time for a *Tonsor*, and thinking it would be no false Latin, to save a Penny in a Foreign Country, I brush'd into the Shop: But, good Lord! how strangely was I confounded, to find a fine Gentleman there, strutting it up and down, with a New Hat edg'd with Silver Lace, and a pair of Red Stockings. I took him, as how could I otherwise do, for a *Mareschal de France*, and was going away in that Mistake, when calling me back, he courteously asked me what I wanted: A Barber, says I; why here's one at your Service, replies he. Immediately, off

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goes the Hat, and on goes the Apron ; he seats me in the Chair, lathers me, snaps his Fingers, makes a Flourish with his Razor, and to work he falls. He gives me the History of his Father, his Grandfather, and his Great Grandfather without asking, and was just entering into the *Detail* of the late Civil Wars, when I diverted the Inundation that threatned me, with inquiring of him, whether he had an infallible Medicine for the Corns. In short, he was fiddling about my Face at least an Hour, and sometimes gave my Beard a Perpendicular stroke, as he call'd it, and then a Horizontal one, trimm'd my Nostrils, cleans'd my Ears, rectifi'd my Eyebrows, and all the while his Clack went incessantly. Considering what Pains the Fellow had taken with me, I thought, I could not in Conscience do less than double his Price, which I did, and the poor Fellow was so surpriz'd at my Magnificence, that he immediately erected me into *Your Excellency*, brush'd my Hat and Cloaths, followed me half the length of the Street out of his Shop, and never left scraping and bowing till he lost Sight of me. Now to speak my Thoughts bluntly and impartially, I prefer the Bluff *Spanish* Farrier, who, as he had received no Obligation from his Customer, so he owned none,

but took what was his Due, and trooped off without more Ceremony, to a hundred of your little diminutive *French* Animals, that must be always troubling you with their good breeding, forsooth; for what is a Man of Sense the better for all their Nauseous Compliments, and if they have any true Meaning in them, what can they aim at else, but the picking of your Pocket?

If you should ask a *Spaniard* what his opinion is of the *French* Dress and Fancy; he will not only tell you 'tis highly indecent, but that he is scandaliz'd at a Habit, which argues so much levity of Mind, and Affectation. What can be more ridiculous, than to see a parcel of *Messieurs* in their Holy-day Array of a hundred different Colours, with all their Fantastick Variety of Feathers, Ribbons, Fringes, Shoulder-knots, Laces, Embroidery, and the like. 'Tis true the Sight is delightful and agreeable enough, and so is that of a fine, gawdy, gay-coated Butter-fly, and several other Insects, that are not worth the naming; yet a *Spaniard* will be so unmannerly and blunt, as to tell you, that this is the greatest Folly in the Universe. Neither, indeed, do I wonder at it; because in *Spain* a grave, decent Habit is so Universally worn, that they force the com-

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mon-~~Hang~~-man to wear colour'd Cloaths, to denote the Infamy and Baseness of his Office. Now if you should demand a *Frenchman's* judgment concerning the *Spanish Garb*, he will immediately reply, that *Black* is only proper for Ecclesiasticks, for Widows, and Persons in Mourning; and is apt to give a Man Melancholy Ideas, whereas, in truth, 'tis the most Honourable Colour, and is a significant Emblem of Modesty and Gravity.

If a *Frenchman* fairly and impartially considers how courteously a *Spaniard* demeanes himself in his Common Behaviour, how deliberately and reserv'd he is in his Discourse, what witty and surprizing things he says in Conversation; how steady and diligent he is in the Prosecution of Business; with what Precaution and Care he weighs his Words; lastly, with what Attention and Patience he listens to those that are talking to him; he must be forced to acknowledge that all Nations fall short of us in this Respect; and yet he will put it off, by saying, that a *Spaniard* has a mind to seem Wise and is not. On the other hand, if a *Spaniard* examines the Actions of a *Frenchman*, how he can never tarry long in one place how he runs from one thing immediately to another, how he entertains a thousand different Projects in

his Brain at the same time, tho he's satisfied there's a great deal of Capacity and Wit under this Mercurial Temper, yet he will constantly maintain that a *Frenchman* neither seems to be Wise, nor is really so.

If one *French* Gentleman goes to visit another at his House, as soon as he comes into the Parlour, he will ask him with a great deal of Gayety, what victuals he has got to eat, and in this he shews the heartiness of his Affection, since Eating and Drinking together is the Cement of Friendship all the World over. But a *Spaniard* mortally abominates this Familiarity, and would rather dye of Hunger and Thirst, than debase himself so low, as to ask for any thing in a Friend's House: Nay, some of them are so shame-faced, that they will sit out a whole Meal without Drink only, because they won't ask for it: As it happened, not long agoe, to some Country Gentlemen, who being invited to a Bishop's Palace, after Dinner, went to the next River to quench their Thirst, because they had not assurance enough to ask for any Drink at the Prelate's Table. If you should enquire of a *Spaniard* what his Opinion is of the *French* Fashion in Saluting of Ladies, kissing their Faces, and toying with their Fans, and treating them

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with that Familiarity, as the Mode is there, he will tell you 'tis immodest and not to be endur'd; it being a received Maxim in *Spain*, that a Woman that will hold a Discourse with you, will yield you her hand, and she that will yield you her hand, will yield you her Face, and she that will yield you her Face, will make no scruple to yield you the rest. And yet 'tis an undoubted truth, that such Actions are innocent and harmless in themselves; by the same Token, they have been practis'd in the most Primitive times, and that in the most civiliz'd Nations. Thus likewise, when the *French* Gentlemen pluck off their Hats, and bow to the Ladies at a Distance, they only design an Innocent Peice of Gallantry by it, whereas a Man would certainly have his Throat cut in *Spain*, should he offer to take that Liberty: And, Indeed, I don't wonder to find this contrariety in our judgments, since the Spirit of Discord has so effectually ruin'd all manner of good Correspondence between the two Nations, that they abominate and detest those very Customs and Fashions in each other, that are really commendable and praise-worthy.

And now, if any one shall here enquire of me, which of these two so different Humours seems the more approvable; I must fairly declare my self in favour of the *Spaniard*; and the Reason is, because I have Matter of Fact on my side, against which there is no disputing: for we find the *Neapolitans*, the *Sicilians*, and the *Milaneses*, who, to their Cost, have made Trial of both Nations; at this very day choose rather to submit to the severe and pinching Yoke of the *Spaniards*, than suffer the insupportable Lusts and Insolencies of the *French*. Besides, 'tis to be considered, that the *Spanish* Administration is Steddy and Uniform, not screwing up the Strings of Government so unmercifully one Day, as to make them crack, and then as indiscreetly relaxing them the very next; but observing one Constant Method; so that the People, knowing the worst, before-hand, are the better prepared to submit to it. But 'tis otherwise with the *French*, who treat their Subjects, sometimes like Friends, and sometimes like the meanest of Slaves, and not content, as we are, to drain their Purses, offer Indignities to their Persons, provoke them with Insulting Language, and jest with their Misfortunes. Such a Levity
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of Temper, and such Stabbing Provocations the *Italians*, of all People in the World, are the less able to endure, and not without good Reason? for I would fain ask any Considering Man, whether, if he were reduced to that unhappy *Dilemma*, as to make a Meals-meat for a Lyon or a Baboon, he would not much sooner chuse to be devoured by the former Creature, than fall into the Hands of a Baboon, who would make Monkey-Faces, grin, and dance about him, all the while he was rummaging his Bowels.

C H A P. IX.

*What Reasons can be assign'd
for this strange Antipathy be-
tween the French and the
Spaniards.*

I Was always of the Opinion, that most of the Vice and Vertue in the World, was owing to every Man's particular Constitution, as that in a great measure very much depended upon the Climate under which he was Born. How the Climate comes to have so strange an influence upon our Manners and Actions belongs properly to the Enquiry of Philosophers, and not to a Discourse of this Nature: However, I may be permitted as an Historian, to cite two or three Instances of Nations, which notwithstanding the great Revolutions they have undergone, still preserve those Qualities, which our ancient Authors have observed them to be Famous for.

To begin then with the *French*; *Julius Caesar*, who conquer'd their Predecessors the *Gauls*, and lived above sixteen hundred years ago, gives us this Character of them,

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Gallorum subita ingenia: Meaning that the Gauls were Quick, but Rash and Hair-brain'd. How much given they are to Law-suits, appears by this Passage of Juvenal;

Gallia Causidicos docuit facunda Britannos.

Which shews, that they so much abounded in what we now-a-days call the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, that they had enough of them to spare their Neighbours the Britains, to instruct them in the profound and eloquent Mysteries of Pettifogging. As for their manner of Fighting, *Florus* thus describes it, *Gallorum primus impetus major quam virorum, secundus minor quam fœminarum.* The first onset of the Gauls is greater than that of Men; the second less than that of Women. Now altho' the present French are generally of another Original, as being composed of Franks, Burgundians, Britons Normans, and Gots, yet there is so much of the old Gaul still remaining in them, either by the influence of the Celestial Bodies, or their frequent Inter-marriages with the Gauls, whom they Conquer'd, that these Qualities are still predominant in them.

To instance next in the Germans, *Tacitus* talking of their Ancestors, observes this Custom among them, *Diem noctemq;*

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continuare potando nulli opprobrium. They thought it no scandal to sit up whole Nights and Days a Drinking. So likewise, *De jungendis affinitatibus, de Bel-lo deniq; & Pace in conviviiis consultare.* They debated the making of Alliances and all affairs of War and Peace amidst their Feasts. From whence a Eearned Antiquary will have the present Assemblies of the several Circles of the Empire, to retain the name of *Diets*. But this *en passant*. 'Tis certain, that since *Tacitus's* time, *Germany* hath shifted almost all its Old Inhabitants, and taken in new Colonies of *Sueves, Goths, Vandals, Sclaves, Hunns, Saxons*, and other Nations; and yet we see these old Customs prevail as much among them now as formerly. Thus the same Historian makes this Remark of the ancient *Britons*, *Dum singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur.* While they are fighting with one another, the whole Nation is Vanquished: And what advantages the *English*, who tho' inhabiting the same Soil with the *Britons* are not Descended from them, but from the *Saxons*, have lost both at Home and Abroad by their intestine Broils and Divisions, all *Europe* can testifie. And to conclude, thus we we read, that the ancient *Greeks* began with little Glasses at their Merrymakings, and

and called for larger when they were half Seas over : Which fashion, as the Modern Itineraries inform us, their Posterity keep up to this Day.

But nothing of this can be alledged to account for the present Antipathy between the *French* and *Spaniards* ; for in former times, as *Philip de Comines* affirms, No two Nations in the World were more Amicable and Friendly one to another than *France* and *Castile*, the two Kings being joyn'd in the strictest Alliance imaginable ; for their League was between King and King, Realm and Realm, Subject and Subject, which they were all obliged under the most terrible Curses to preserve inviolable.

Difference of Climate may occasion difference of Eating, Drinking, Dressing, and the like ; and those Customs in course of time, may be so rivetted in the People, as to seem Natural to them, or interwoven with their Constitution, What makes a *Spaniard* go in a thinner Habit than the *French* ? The heat of the Country. What makes him more Lazy, and less Industrious, more Libidinous, and consequently more Jealous than the other ? The very same Reason. Why does a *French-man* eat oftener and more than a *Spaniard* ? Because his Climate is colder, and consequently

quently creates a keener Appetite. Thus we can easily assign a Reason for the aforesaid Differences: But the greatest Difficulty of all still remains unaccounted for, that is to say, how this Animosity and Aversion between the Inhabitants of both these Kingdoms, which has cost the Christian World so much Bloodshed for the two last Centuries, first arose, and what concurring Causes have contributed to give it such deep rooting on both sides, that in all appearance the Flame is not to be extinguish'd by any humane means. 'Tis very certain, that the difference of Climate could never give birth to so lasting and universal an Antipathy, for then the greater difference there is between any Nations, in respect to the Climates, the greater wou'd the contrariety and hatred be between them, which we know to be notoriously false by Experience. We see the *English* and the *Chineses*, the *Swedes* and the *Spaniards*, the *Hollanders* and the *Armenians*, the *Polanders* and the *Persians*, to instance in no more, maintain a fair amicable Correspondence with one another, and have no personal Grudges or Animosities to interrupt this Commerce, notwithstanding the vast difference of Manners, Religion, Apparel, and what chiefly ought to be considered here of Climates between

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between the above-mentioned Nations : Whereas, the *Swedes* and the *Danes*, whose Dominions are contiguous to each other, and lye under the same Latitude. The *English* and *French*, who are only parted with a narrow *Fretum*: The *Scots* and *English*, who are divided by nothing but a contemptible River. The *Polanders* and *Muscovites*, whose Territories join together upon the same Continent. And lastly to come home to the point in hand, the *Spaniards* and the *French*, whom Nature has separated by a long chain of Hills, and those passable, are born with an hereditary Distrust and Jealousie one of another, have waged long and bloody Wars, that may more properly be said to be lay'd asleep in the short intervals of Peace which happen between them, than totally heal'd up, envy one anothers Prosperity and Victories, and are apt to take Fire again upon the most trivial Motives. Since therefore the difference of Climate could not, as we have already seen, occasion this fatal Antipathy between *France* and *Spain*, we must look out elsewhere to assign the true Reason.

I remember to have somewhere read in the History of *France*, That *Lewis* the Eleventh upon a time had an Interview with

with the King of *Castile*, to Debate and confer with him about certain Affairs of Importance. Now that Monarch, altho' he was Magnificent, and Generous enough, yet he had his particular Whimsies, as other Men have, and used among other Singularities, to wear a Leaden Medal in his Bonnet. He happen'd to be Apparell'd that day neither better nor worse than the rest of the *French* Gentlemen that attended him: In short, his Habit was Ordinary, but Decent, without the least Pomp, or Decoration. On the other hand, the *Spaniards* had spared no Cost nor Invention to set themselves out to the greatest Advantage, being fully perswaded, that the King of *France* wou'd appear in an Equipage suitable to the Grandeur of so Powerful a Prince. But being disappointed in their Expectations, and finding nothing of that Splendor and Gaiety with which they imagin'd to feast their Eyes, they immediately began to Burlesque and Ridicule the *French*, and make their Jest upon them, who took it so hainously, that they have mortally hated the *Spaniards* ever since. From this unlucky Accident, some of our Virtuoso's pretend to date the present aversion these two Nations bear to each other, but very absurdly in my Opinion; for tho' the aforesaid unseasonable

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Frugality of *Lewis* and his Followers, might make the *Spaniards* deride and insult them for the present, yet that Impression wou'd soon wear off, and not entail the same effects upon all succeeding Posterity; and therefore we must search for some other Cause, since this is so lame and defective in all Respects.

Others with more probability thus account for the mutual Hatred and Contempt between these two People. In former times say they, no Persons of any Consideration and Quality came from *France* into *Spain*, but only a parcel of poor necessitous Wretches, Inhabiting upon the Frontier, such as your *Gascogns*, *Bearnois*, and the like, who wore as they do to this day, a sort of white round Cap, in the fashion of a Trencher, upon their Heads, a pair of large clamping wooden Shoes upon their Feet, but no Stockings, their Legs being not accustomed to such Inventions. These sorry Scoundrels being reduced to this Condition, that they must either Work or Starve, are glad to undertake the meanest Employments, as sweeping of Chimneys, emptying of Vaults, driving of Hogs, keeping of Cows, Hedging, Ditching, and the like. 'Tis true, they are temperate enough in
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their Eating, for with a head of Garlick, one single Onion, and a slice of Bread, they will make shift to pass a whole day, as well as if they had been regaled with the choicest Delicacies; but then this Moderation forsakes them in their Drink, for they guzzle like so many Fishes, and what they get with the Sweat of their Brows, is all spent in Wine, which being strong and heady, soon finds a way into their Noddles; and so for the greatest part of the day you shall see them reel and stagger in the Streets, sometimes crawling upon all Four, and sometimes running a-head, and stumbling upon all they meet, to the infinite Scandal of the *Spaniards*, among whom no Vice is so Detestable and Infamous as Drunkenness. Now, because the *Spaniards* saw no other People come out of *France*, but such as I have here described, they foolishly imagined that the rest of the *French* were of the same Complexion, and upon this began to despise and abhor the whole Nation. The same thing exactly happen'd to the *French* in relation to the *Spaniards*; for observing that none of any Garb or Fashion visited *France*, but only some poor miserable Creatures, who beat the Hoof thither, to get cured of the

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* *King's Evil*, they concluded as ridiculously, that all the rest of their Country-men belonged to the same Class; and this gave them occasion to think contemptibly of all the *Spaniards*; and as 'tis a natural step to fall from Despising to Hating, this Contempt soon improv'd into a downright Hatred and Aversion to whole Nations in general. No this Reason, tho' 'tis somewhat more plausible in appearance, more satisfactory than the former, yet 'tis far from solving the main Difficulty; for altho' we will grant that it might create some sort of a Prejudice in the Mob of both Nations, yet Persons of Quality that had travelled Abroad and knew better things (and these are the Men that sit at the Helm of Governments, and direct the several Movements of the subordinate Wheels) these, I say, cou'd never be influenc'd either in their Affections or Hatreds, by so weak and false a Principle.

For my part, I am fully satisfied that this implacable Enmity between both Kingdoms, which has display'd it self in so many bloody Disputes, ought not to be

* *Of all the Princes of Christendom, none but the Kings of England and France Touch for the Struma, or Scrophula, commonly call'd the King's Evil: And this healing Virtue the Learned Sir Robert Cotton in his Posthumous Pieces, Cites among other Advantages, that the English Monarchs ought to have the Precedence before those of Spain.*

be ascribed to the different Configuration of the Heavenly Bodies, or any such far-fetched Causes, but to Lust and Empire and a restless Competition on both sides, to give Laws to the rest of the Christian World. The Seeds of these Jealousies were first sown in the time of *Ferdinand*, who having extended the limits of his Kingdom, from the foot of the *Pyrenees* to the Streights of *Gibraltar*, and Enriched himself with the Treasures of a new World, projected a Plan of Universal Monarchy, which he left to his Successors to pursue: So that *Philip* the Second seeing his Picture, had reason enough to say, *A esto lo dovemos todo*. We owe all to him. These Jealousies broke out into an actual War, when *Charles* the Fifth, besides *Spain* and all its Dependencies, came to be possess'd of the Empire of *Germany*, and flatter'd himself, that nothing now could impede the progress of his Arms. But *Francis* the first of *France*, a Prince of equal Bravery and Resolution, who had been his Competitor for the Empire, endeavour'd to cross his Designs; their first Quarrel happen'd about the Dutchy of *Milan*; this drew on the Battle of *Pavia*, where *Francis* was taken Prisoner, carried to *Madrid*, and oblig'd to purchase his Liberty by submitting to very rigorous

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Conditions, which he broke as soon as he was Released. Since this time, there has been a constant struggle for the Western Empire, between these two Powerful Nations; so true is the Observation of *Lucan*;

*Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisq; potestas
Impatiens Consortis erit.*————

*Where Universal Monarchy's in view,
No Treaties can Oblige, nor Faith be True:
Princes won't bear a Rival of their Throne,
But either Hazard all, or Rule alone.*

C H A P. X.

Taken out of a French Book, Printed at the Hague, 1695. Intituled, Voyage d'Espagne. Wherein the Author gives an Ingenious Account, of the difference between the French and Spanish Genius.

W HEN we came to the top of the Mountain *Roncevalles*, which, we were told, is the highest of the *Pyrenees*, we had a noble Field for Contemplation, before us, and paused for some time, to consider, on the one hand *Spain*, which we had just then parted from, and on the the other *France*, which we were going to Visit: The first seemed a scorched and barren Land; where the bald Mountains discover'd nothing but naked Rocks, and conceal'd few Plains and Vallies that produced Grass, or any thing else for the support and convenience of Humane Life: The latter on the contrary, presented us a fair Garden, agreeably distributed.

distributed by Nature into Eminencies and Vales, Woods and Meadows, rising Hills and open Plains, enriched with so charming a variety of universal Fertility, that the Land we beheld below us, tho' none of the most Fruitful of *France*, yet it both charm'd and surprized us, when we compared it to the Country we had quitted. In short, while my Imagination busied it self about two so different Objects, methought the day of Judgment wou'd have but little to Destroy in the one, whereas, it wou'd find *pabulum* sufficient in the other; because the former is half burnt up to Cinders already by the excessive Heats, whereas the latter enjoys only a moderate temperament of Heat, just necessary for the production of Animals and Fruits. Perhaps the *Italian* was not much mistaken, who meeting some Virtuoso's who could not tell where to fix the Seat of Purgatory, bluntly told them, that if they had been never so little acquainted with the Map, they might have found that of *Europe* in *Spain*, and that of the *Levant* in *Affric*. But to talk seriously upon the point, All this does not hinder me from having a just Esteem for *Spain*, and admiring the Wisdom, Temperance, and other Moral, as well as Political Virtues, which shine so conspicuously in the
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generality of its Inhabitants. 'Tis not therefore out of any contempt for the one, or out of a fond prepossession for the other, that I have remark'd the aforesaid diversity of Soil. I know well enough, that the most fruitful and happy Countries, don't always produce the greatest men. The wisest and most experienc'd of all the *Greeks*, was born among the Rocks of *Ithaca* and in *Provence*. There is an open Plain, call'd *la Crau*, on the Surface whereof, nothing but Flint-stones are to be seen, and yet the Owners of it wou'd not Exchange it for one cover'd over with Flowers and Fruits, because in this very Field, which seems to be the Seat of Barrenness it self, there grows an Herb of such excellent Virtue, that one Handful of it is worth whole Cart-loads of those that grow in the most fertile Meadows. I mean by this, that the Noblest, and most Sovereign Plants often grow in the hungriest Grounds, and that if *Spain* is parch'd up and dry, yet for all that, it is robust and Vigorous. In short, 'tis evident, that the *Spaniards* generally speaking, are more Couragious, and capable to sustain longer Fatigues, than such as are born under a more benign and delicate Climate. Even among themselves 'tis remarkable, that their bravest and boldest.

boldest Men come from the most Mountainous and Sandy Places; whereas those Provinces that are more Fertile, are Inhabited by People that have not so towering a Genius, or so great an inclination for War; it being a certain Maxim, that Fertility is always attended by an effeminate meanness of Spirit. Thus we find the old *Romans* were never so hardly put to't as to make themselves Masters of this Country; the invincible Courage of these People, the difficulty of Marching, the scarcity of Provisions, and the excessive Heats, wherewith this great Peninsula is in a manner wholly pester'd, costing them full Sixscore Years before they Conquer'd it: And whoever wou'd undertake the Reduction of it now, wou'd infallibly meet with the same Rubbs in his way, provided it were as well Peopled as heretofore.

And now to do Justice to *Spain*, before I entirely lose the sight of her, I must confess, that this Sterility and Want, of which she is accused, rather proceeds from the fault of her Inhabitants, than any defect of her own. Were they but more Industrious, and instead of spending their time lazily at home, cultivated their Fields, and did not think it beneath them to apply themselves to the Mechanical

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Arts, they wou'd find her a most bountiful Mother, ready to accomodate them with all the Necessaries of Life; as well for Cloathing as Food: In effect, they might have Corn and Wine, and Oil enough, together with all sorts of Fruits in good Years, to surpass those of their Neighbours; and if they understood Agriculture, and wou'd heartily turn themselves that way, they might live in so great Plenty, that the more fruitful Provinces might not only supply the Necessities of the most Barren, but send their Commodities to Foreign Countries, without Impoverishing or exhausting themselves. Their most excellent Materials for all sorts of Stuffs, the Wools of *Segovia*, the Silks of *Granada*, the Cordovans of *Ciudad Rodrigo*, the Flax and Hemp of *Andalusia*, the Iron and Copper of *Biscay*, not to mention the Hides of their Cattel, add Riches of their Mines, might easily furnish all their Towns with vast numbers of Artificers, and the best Manufactures of *Europe*. But so little do they employ themselves in things of this nature, that they send them abroad Unwrought, and after they are converted into another shape, and made fit for Humane use, the Strangers bring part of them to their own Doors, by which means they draw back the

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the Money they first gave for them with double Interest, and the remainder is downright Gain to them.

At last I am arrived on this side the *Pyrenees*, and if from the top of this high Mountain, which separates *France* from *Spain*; while I beheld these two Puissant Kingdoms under me, my Contemplations so far transported me as to offer at a comparison between their Climates; It will be here expected, I should do the same in relation to their Manners and Politics, which, as some People pretend, are no less opposite one to the other, than those two different Movements, which make the Fire to ascend, and the Earth to sink down to the Centre. To deliver my Thoughts impartially, During my stay at *Madrid*, I endeavour'd fully to satisfy my self, whether this Antipathy which is said to be reciprocal and natural to both Nations, were in reality so strong and violent, as in outward appearance it seems to be, and the generality of the World believes: But after long Observation, I was convinced, that the contrariety we perceive between their Humours, and their publick as well as private Conduct, is rather a diversity of Genius and Temperament, than any true Contrariety, which

makes a *Frenchman* the more incompatible with a *Spaniard*, than with an *Italian*, *German*, *Englishman*, or any other Nation whatsoever. Each Nation has its particular Character, and Specifick Seal imprinted, as well upon the Bodies as Minds of its Inhabitants; which (if I may be permitted so to express my self) is that Principle of Individuation, which distinguishes one from the other. If, besides this common and general Diversity, which is owing to the Country, where we were born, there be any other more particular and express between one People and another, it proceeds from certain Accidents and Circumstances, which produce the same Effects, in Relation to Hatred and Contempt, upon whole Communities as upon private Men; who, bating this, are no more opposite, than two Rivers that take a different Course, and follow their Channel with equal Inclination, altho not always with the same Noise and Vehemence. Taking this for granted, I affirm, that if we except this Competition and Rivalship of Power, wherein these two Nations have been so long engaged, and which has been irritated by so many Wars and Disputes, that are not yet ended, we shall observe no other Opposition between them, than either of them has to other Nati-

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ous. Thus we find, that when these Considerations are removed, and this Publick Aversion ceases, they live as friendly with one another as they do with any other Foreigners. Besides, the Remarks I have made concerning so many *Frenchmen* that live in *Madrid* and *Saragossa*, and dropping the Interests of their Country, agree very well with the *Spaniards*, the *Catalonians* and *Portuguese's* furnish us with a convincing Proof of this Truth. 'Tis a plain case, that these People, withdrawing themselves from their Obedience to the Catholick King, and with it, abjuring, as it were, the Mysteries of the *Spanish* Monarchy, have enter'd into so hearty a Correspondence with *France*, that, notwithstanding their Diversity of Humour, they were as freely receiv'd at *Paris* and *Lisbon*, as they could have been at *Stockholm* or *Warsaw*, where, I presume, no one will imagine, that there is any Antipathy between either of the two. 'Tis since this mutual Emulation of Glory, which began with the enlarging of the *Spanish* Empire under *Ferdinand*, increas'd under *Charles the Fifth*, and has been constantly propagated under his Successors, that these two Nations have not been able to endure one another, neither in Publick nor Private, and to the Difference of their Tempers and

Inclinations, have added a Spirit of Envy, Hatred and Contempt, which renders them insupportable to each other. By these means, this Contrariety is not only Speculative, but it cannot bear with the Gay and Sociable Humour of the other; the one is not only Slow and Dilatory, but hates the Activity and Quickness of the other; the other is not content to fly instead of Marching, but quarrels with the deliberate Pace and Slowness of the other. In short, all the Fashions and Customs of the one are condemned by the other, and this is occasion'd by the aforesaid Principle of Jealousy and Ambition. So that these different Qualities in the natural Genius of the two Nations, inflam'd by this Emulation of Grandeur, and this Desire of Superiority, which has exercis'd them so long, and cost *Christendom* so much Blood, is the true Source of their Politics, as well in its Essence, as in its Maxims. Not but that they sometimes borrow from one another, but since 'tis neither the same Hand nor Pencil, and 'tis difficult for one Man to wear another's Cloaths, but it may easily be discover'd they were not made for him, there is something still that shews, that the Principles are not the same no more than the Agents. 'Tis a certain truth, that, in their Politics, they often tread in one another's

another's Steps ; but then, whatever Road they take, they don't March with the same Swiftneſs or Slowneſs. *Spain* is repreſented in a Chariot, mounted upon a Throne of Tortoiſe-ſhells, drawn by *Remora's*, which, by moving along ſo heavily, often loſes the Advantage of Opportunity. She wants no Patience, and is intent upon her Game, where ſhe knows ſo well how to ſhuffle the Cards, that ſhe often ſpoils the happy hand, and generally perplexes the Addreſs of the moſt Subtile Gameſters. If ſhe is employ'd in a more violent Exerciſe, ſhe never ſtumbles by Running too faſt ; ſhe waits the rebound of the Ball, and if ſhe miſſes it, ſhe comforts her ſelf, that this did not happen for want of her Judging a-right, and that ſhe did not loſe the Stroke by too much Precipitation, in endeavouring to take it flying. Thus, by the Profoundneſs of her Thoughts, ſhe comprehends the full Extent of the Object, ſhe views it in its minuteſt Parts ; and if ſhe does not make her ſelf Miſtreſs of it, 'tis not becauſe ſhe was miſtaken in chooſing the right Place, by which ſhe ought to have taken it ; but becauſe ſhe took up ſo much time, in ſtudying the Critical Minute, which often ſlips away, while we are waiting for it.

It must be own'd, indeed, that Misfortunes of this Nature seldom happen to her in the Cabinet, or in Affairs which have no other end but Negotiation. All the World knows, that there is no part in the Art of Reigning, wherein she succeeds better than in this, or where she has so fair an Opportunity of showing the Dexterity of her Address, by taking all those necessary Measures for that slow and Circumspect operation, which promises her infallible Success, when she is not straiten'd in time, but has leisure enough to concert her Affairs. Whereas, in the Field and in Military Expeditions, where she has not the same time and liberty allow'd her for deliberation, where we must anticipate the occasion, and often rely more upon Chance and Hazard than Prudence and true Reasoning, she has not the same Advantage, but frequently finds her self so mistaken in her Accounts, that she sees her greatest designs come to nothing, for want of beginning them soon enough; and by being prevented before she could regularly be deliver'd of them. I could cite many late Instances to justify this Assertion, but they are altogether needless.

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However, this I will say, that this slowness of Pace, and too great Circumspection, which sometimes occasions the *Spaniards* to tumble, while they only thought of fixing their Feet more surely, is attended, and, as it were, recompenced by another very considerable Quality, I mean an extraordinary Constancy under their Misfortunes; when they have ill luck, and by an incessant Perseverance and indefatigable Vigor to pursue all Advantages, when their Affairs succeed; for, if we consider the terrible Storms they have been expos'd to, by the rising of so many Peoples, by the Defection of one of their richest Provinces, and the intestine cutting off of a whole Kingdom; if we remember the great Shocks they have receiv'd both by Sea and Land, by the Armies of so many Princes Confederates against them; and, lastly, if we consider the Loss they have sustain'd in so many Battels, we shall find sufficient cause to wonder, how they still make a shift to keep their Heads above Water, and that 'tis peculiar to their Greatness to support so many Calamities without sinking under them; and to a Stomach fram'd like theirs, to digest so many unpalatable Morfels, without losing their Appetite: so that, if it still holds good, (and we have no reason to question but it does) to what

can we attribute this but to that Slow and Natural Heat, which acts without Precipitation? I mean to that constant and well concerted System of Politics, which makes her never appear destitute of Courage, altho' she is often of Forces and Expedients, and that in the ordering of her Actions, she sees no Merit but in Patience, and in the Exercise of some Virtues, which she practises both in the Cabinet and Field, let her Condition be sunk never so low. Upon this Score, she does not use to fling up the Cards upon every Loss, tho' the Game does not go on her side; and she very seldom abandons the Hopes of recovering all next Dial, and taking her fill of Revenge, tho' she be drain'd never so much: So that if we have beheld her in our Days, own the *United Provinces* for an independent State, and renounce all manner of Pretensions to them, yet she did it not till after a War of fourscore years continuance, inforc'd by that Necessity which obliges us of two Evils to chuse the lesser; so that we cannot pretend she was Sick at Heart, or that 'tis customary with her to disgorge what she once has swallowed; and since no length of time gives any prescription against a Royal right, perhaps, when she finds her Arms more at Liberty, she may revoke this Renunciation.

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If we consider on the other hand, with what Address and Dexterity the *Spaniards* know how to use the Favours of Fortune, and make use of their Advantages, when Heaven has seconded this Circumspection and long foresight, wherewith they act, we must readily acknowledge, that no Politics are to be compared to theirs for Boldness, Activity, and Vigilance; that no People better pursue the gaining of a Battel, or better secure themselves of any Place after they have conquer'd it, or better reconcile those People to submission whom they have vanquish'd, or reduced to their former Obedience, or better adjust their own Interest with those of the Respective Princes, who follow their Party, or, in a word, that labour more diligently after a Victory, to gather the fruits it produc'd, or draw from it all the good Consequences it can bestow: Whereas the Generality of Mankind are softned by Prosperity; their Heat languishes after the Battel is over; they rather chuse to enjoy their good Fortune, than make the right use of it, and lose the Glory and Profit of their Gallant Actions, rather than not stop to repose themselves, and take breath at the end of the Race. This false Conduct for the most part peculiarly belongs to
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Persons that are better provided with Arms than a Head, that don't set so great a value upon the Plate, as they do upon the Course; nor esteem the Triumph and Crown so much as the Battel and Victory; that is to say, such as prefer the means to the end, and great Performances to the Felicity they promise us.

To these two abovementioned Advantages, which Naturally flow from that great Circumspection the *Spaniards* use in all their Actions, we may add a third, *viz.* that when they have any great Design in hand, they so well know how to conceal it from the World, and mature it by Secrecy, that when they appear, they surprize and astonish us at once. In fine, *Spain* works in the dark, and erects her Batteries with infinite Caution, that her intentions may not take Air; and least her prying Neighbours might divine it by her Gesture and Countenance; she seems to shut her Eyes, and be fast asleep, at the very same time when she is most upon her Guard, and just ready to give the Fatal blow. Altho' she's extremely jealous of her Reputation, yet she's well enough content upon these occasions, that People should cry down her Forces, and accuse her of Weakness, that so, by this means, making the less Preparations

rations against her, she may surprize them unawares, and carry them off with one Swoop, who thought she could not stir a Limb to help her self. Under the Shadow of this great Secrecy, and by the Favour of this Artifice, she has sometimes gain'd vast Advantages over her Enemies; witness the Conquest of *Sicily* in former times, and her Gallant Performances before *Tarragone* and *Lerida* in ours, where she appeared with greater Forces, than 'twas commonly believ'd she was Mistress of. In short, she has been Famous in all Ages for her Talent of Taciturnity; and has so nicely practis'd this Dissimulation, which is so serviceable to Government, and draws such Advantages from these pretended Appearances, that she has very often retriev'd her Affairs by this Conduct, when she could not re-establish them by a high hand. But when these little Maxims, by which she steers her Course in time of War, are no longer useful there, she immediately has Recourse to Treaties and Conferences, wherein she manages her self so dexterously, that by one means or another she at last reaps the Benefits she expected by them. And here I cannot forbear to remark, that what makes her Superior to the rest of her Neighbours in matter of Negotiation, is excessive Coldness, by virtue where-
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of she not only wearies but deadens the Fire of those she is to treat with, and carries them through so many windings and turnings, that at last being tir'd with conferring so often and doing nothing, they suffer themselves to be perfectly guided by her, and buy their repose at a much dearer Rate, than they would do, if they had but Patience enough to wait the unravelling of the whole piece.

But to dismiss these Considerations; in which a much abler Pen than mine may mistake its way, I will only beg leave to add, that if any of her Maxims of State are faulty and want reforming, 'tis her excess of Zeal, whether real or pretended, which she discovers in matters of Religion. All the World is sensible that 'tis often a Fire, which instead of warming destroys her; and that it ruins all her fine Projects, rather than helps to promote them. Even the *Popes* themselves are cautious in granting her any new Favours, and suspect that her extraordinary Passion for the Church is attended with a human Infirmary, which only aims at Heaven, in order to gain surrer footing upon Earth. Besides, she only makes her self half Friends by this Mistaken Conduct, and at the same time draws down real Enemies upon her Head, ^{which} will

will not fail to take the first Opportunity to make her feel the Effects of their Hatred. In short, this pernicious Maxim, to which she has, as it were, devoted herself by Oath, not to suffer Protestants in her own Dominions, but persecute them even in their own, is a State-juggle, which has been too well examined by the Catholics, not to discover the blind side of it, as like wise by those, against whom 'tis levell'd, not to see that their Destruction is design'd to satisfy her boundless Ambition, and pave the way to an Universal Monarchy. She ought to consider, that the two Parties, into which the *European* World is divided, are in a manner equal, and that if they came to decide the Dispute with all their Forces, yet the Victory might hover a long time uncertain which side it would take, and perhaps might abandon hers, for all it was followed by all the *Roman* Legions. She ought to look upon this Bigotry, as a thin Disguise, through which her Adversary's peep into her Designs; and to reflect how much a loser she is, by following those Maxims, that provoke one side, and gain her the other but by halves. I mean, she ought to set bounds to her Temporal Interest, and not mingle Religion with it, which came down from Heaven to destroy but civilize

lize Society : In fine she ought not to make so many Crusades and Holy Wars against the Protestants, but letting them live, and living among them, give them to understand that she now sees her Mistake, and for the Future is resolv'd to live amicably with them. By this means she will gain two considerable Advantages ; for she will be more consider'd at *Rome*, when once she shows her self less slavishly addicted to the Interests of that Court ; and, in the next place, she will become more formidable to *France*, by withdrawing great numbers of those of the Reformed Perswasion from her Party, who at present believe, that his Christian Majesty is the only Popish Prince, who will give Quarter to a different Religion, either at Home or Abroad.

Having given the Reader a short View of the Nature and Properties of the *Spanish* Policy, it will be now expected, I should say something of that of *France*, that so, by comparing these two Rivals together, we may be able to judge, which of the two is likeliest to gain his point over the other. But the latter is so Quick and Precipitate in all his Motions, and the former so well-fram'd both by Art and Nature, to stop the Rapidity of his Course, that if it be difficult to paint the one, because he walk

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fast, 'tis much more so to determine which of them will hold out longest, in a Conflict which has lasted so many years, and lies still undecided. However this we may venture to affirm, that between them they possess all the Skill and Cunning of Fencing, and that if one marches into the Field with a better Grace, and his Arms more at liberty, the other comes up closer and makes a more home thrust. And thus Providence, to keep the Valour of these Nations in an equal ballance, has thought fit to oppose the stay'd Prudence and Constancy of the one, to the Vivacity, Spirit, and Impetuosity of the other, that so what the former wants in Activity, may be recompens'd by his Incredible Application to whatever he undertakes, and what the latter wants in Circumspection and Slowness, may be supplied by his extraordinary Diligence and Promptitude. By this means their Victories and their Triumphs run in a manner Parallel to one another, and their good and bad Success is so strangely intermingl'd, that 'tis hard to guess which of the two has been most favour'd by Fortune.

Nevertheless, it must be confess'd at the same time, that when the Celerity of the *French* is guided by Discretion and Judgment and that this Fire, which attends it, is not dazle or hinder their Sight;

it produces quite other effects, than the slow and reserv'd Attention of the *Spaniards*, be it never so Quick-sighted.

There is nothing so prodigious and daring but it will attempt ; it forces Affairs to change their face, and obliges Fortune to embrace its party at the very moment she was abandoning it. It anticipates the Arrival of Misfortunes by its fore-sight, and the Application of Remedies by its Activity. In short, it carries, at the same time, its Eye, Hand, and Heart, to whatever may help or annoy it ; with the one it chooses or avoids, with the other it lays hold of all that may be Advantageous, and pushes back all that may be prejudicial to it ; with the last, it chearfully sustains all the Burthen of the Day, and triumphs over all Difficulties. Whereas the profound Intelligence of the *Spaniard*, by the Coldness of its Irresolution and long Deliberation, suffers its most promising Enterprizes to be nipt in the Bud, for not being so diligent in executing them, as she was subtle in finding out the means. I know full well, that the great Hast of the *French* oftentimes makes their Designs prove Abortive, that their Diligence sometimes is not guided by Wisdom, and that they run with so little Fore-thought or Reflexion, that they hardly see the way before them,

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thus having nothing, but their Feet and Hands to make use of, that they frequently fall into Confusion, lose their Courage with their Reason, and retire with Disgrace. But this is an old Reproach, of many years standing, which now ought not to be thrown in their Dish, *France* having of late acquitted her self of this Imputation, by so many Brave and Gallant Actions, wherein her Courage, her Judgment, and her Industry have been equally Conspicuous. Indeed, some hundred years ago, before Use and Experience had purified her Fire, and chastis'd this Excess of Heat, which occasioned her to begin bravely, and come off scurvily, she might justly have been accused of acting with Fury, and retreating with no less Ignominy: But the Case is now alter'd, neither does she sneak off like a Hare, after having made her Attack like a Lyon. And therefore if her Enterprizes are not always Crown'd with Success, she does not immediately change Countenance upon it, but plays a saving Game, and comes off with Reputation. To conclude, the greatest sweetness, when it is accompanied with Sagacity and Judgment, is as often the Mother of good Fortune as it is of bad. *Alexander* conquer'd all, and left nothing to be done next Morning: And *Cæsar* hardly let a Mo-

Moment pass between Deliberation and Action, because he was afraid that either the Greatness of the Design would cool him, or the Critical Minute pass while he was examining it. But as the Celerity of these two Heroes was almost always successful, because their Capacity was equal to their Bravery: And as the prudent Slowness and Circumspection of *Fabius Maximus*, and of the Great *Gonsalvo* re-established Common-wealths, when sinking, and Conquer'd Kingdoms, because 'twas neither Languishing nor Idle; so we may say that each of these Nations, according as its predominant Quality is temper'd by Reason, and enlightened by Understanding, has a Stomach fitted by Nature for great Morsels and tedious Traverses of Fortune, altho' that one of them is often Sick at Heart, which causes it to Vomit; and the other is troubled with the Head ach, which obliges it to seek Repose. *Augustus* had felt the Pulse of both these different Constitutions, when he pronounced his *Festina lente*; and one may take it for granted, that of the French Activity, and the Spanish Slowness, an admirable Composition might be made for the Conquering of the World, and the governing of the Universe.

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